GEORGIVS · II · D · G · MAG · BR · F · ET · HIB · REX ·
VOLENTES · PER · POPULOS ·
CORON · XI · OCTOB ·
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CAROLINA · D · G · MAG · BR · F · ET · HIB · REGINA ·
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VERSES
ON THE
CORONATION
Of their late MAJESTIES
KING *GEORGE* II.
AND
QUEEN *CAROLINE*,
October 11, MDCCXXVII.

Spoken by the SCHOLARS of *Weſtminſter* School, (ſome of them Now the Ornaments of the Nation) on *January* 15, following, being the Day of the INAUGURATION of Queen *ELIZABETH*, their Foundreſs.

With a TRANSLATION of all the *Latin* Copies,

The Whole placed in the Order of the Tranſactions of that important Day.

Adorned with the CORONATION MEDALS of the Royal Pair, and a BUST of our Preſent King.

To which is ſubjoined

The CEREMONIAL of the Auguſt Proceſſion, very proper to be compared with the approaching one; and a CATALOGUE of the CORONATION MEDALS of the Kings and Queens of *England*.

LONDON: Printed for *W. Bowyer*.
Sold by R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-mall*; S. BARKER, in *Cha... Street, Weſtminſter*; and G. WOODFALL, at *Charing-Croſs*.
M DCC LXI.
[Price Two Shillings.]

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ADVERTISEMENT

Of the PRINTER.

TWO Things, we truſt, the great Names ſubſcribed to theſe Epigrams will pardon; the one, that we have not obſerved the Method in which they were delivered, which being in an extempore Manner, a Neglect of Order was then becoming; but, as they deſcribe a Ceremony long ſince paſt, and now to be revived, it was more natural to place them in the Order of the Proceſſion, that the Reader might ſee the Buſineſs of the Day gradually open before him, and be again a Spectator at it. He will recall the Sollicitude of *Chloe*, riſing by Candle-light; the laying aſide of the Hoops, and putting on Favours; the eager Expectation of the People; the Opening of the Proceſſion with the Herb Woman; the Importance of the Beadle of *Weſtminſter*, by the Help of his Staff; Kettle Drums, Organ-Blowers, Beef-Eaters; the Charms of Peereſſes, and Maids of Honour;

Honour; fictitious Dukes; the dazzling Profuſion of ſincere Gold and real Diamonds; the attractive Majeſty of Queen *Caroline*; the Strength of *Britiſh* Forces, and the Antiquity of the *Engliſh* Monarchy; the Biſhop bearing the Treaſure of divine Truths; the King, the Enſigns of Royalty; the Queen, of Love and Harmony; the Croſs on his Crown, and the Spurs on his Feet; the venerable Chair, brought from *Scotland*, A. D. 1296; the People's Concern for the Abſence of Prince *Frederick*, and Gratitude for the Preſence of Duke *William*; the Act of Crowning proclaimed by Cannons, and beaming forth with the concentered Blaze of Coronets; the Medals of the King and Queen, ennobled leſs from their Metal than their Impreſſes; the Toil of the Day; the Narrowneſs of the Hall; the levelling of the Law Courts; the King's majeſtic Seat between them; the Sumptuouſneſs of the preſent Tables, and the Frugality of the ancient; the Small Beer Fee; the Tribute of three Maple Cups; the Pyramids of Sweetmeats; the Terror of the Champion; the ill-timed Slumber of an over-tired Spectator; the Candles touched into Light; the Rapine of the Vulgar; no Abatement of the univerſal Joy, from any unhappy Accident; the King, in his Turn, a Partaker of the Lord Mayor's Pomp, having firſt contemplated it in the peaceful Manſion of a Quaker, *&c.* On each Particular the Reader will find ſome Reflexion, which will prevent his being, in the enſuing Proceſſion, an unimproved Spectator.

For another Particular we have more Reaſon to apologize, that, though in the Tranſlations [which are

diſtinguiſhed by being included in Crotchets] we have in general kept cloſe to the Originals, yet, in ſome few Inſtances, we have deviated from them, when we thought the Point of the Epigram might be ſomewhat ſharpened, without any Injury to the Scope of it. This we have ſparingly done, and whenever we have taken that Liberty, have marked it out by *Italic* Characters.

As the Poets here have been Prophets, the Reader will with Pleaſure compare the Events with their Predictions. We have ſeen our venerable Monarch go down to the Grave full of Years and Honours; and though it was ſome Abatement to the Comfort of them, that his Laurels were earned with Toil amidſt deſtructive Wars, we may promiſe ourſelves that Heaven hath reſerved the Bleſſings, which were wanting to him, to be accumulated upon his Grandſon; in whom the Hearts of his Subjects are united, beyond what Hiſtory can parallel, or Poetry itſelf can paint. Duty and Affection in all Orders of Men ſeem to flow in ſuch uninterrupted Streams, that he will want but the Exerciſe of one of his Royal Virtues, that of Forgiveneſs.

ERRATUM.

Page 15, at the Bottom, for ~~*George Walter, Eſq.* and *George Walter, Eſq.*~~

THE

NAMES of the SCHOLARS

Who ſpoke the following EPIGRAMS.

ODE to the King—The Hon. *Robert Hay*.
Ode to the Queen—The Rt. Hon. *Charles Sackville* Lord *Middleſex*, eldeſt Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*.
The Latin Oration ſpoken after Prayers by *Thomas Kingſman*, K. S.

I. *P. Moſtyn*, K. S.
II. *James Gilpin*, K. S.
III. *Octavian Reynolds*, K. S.
IV. *James Richards*, K. S.
V. *Edward Philips*, K. S.
VI. *Charles Gore*, K. S.
VII. Sir *Edward Newdigate*, Bart.
VIII. *John White*, K. S.
IX. *Nathanael Crutchley*, K. S.
X. The Right Hon. *Charles Sackville* Lord *Middleſex*, eldeſt Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*.
XI. The Hon. *William Boſcawen*, fifth Son to the Right Hon. the Lord Viſcount *Falmouth*.
XII. *William Tayleur*, K. S.
XIII. *Francis Barnard*, K. S.
XIV. The Hon. *Robert Hay*, ſecond Son to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Kinnoul*.
XV. *Daniel Moſtyn*, K. S.
XVI. The Hon. *William Fitzwilliams*, ſecond Son to the Rt. Hon. the Lord Viſcount *Fitzwilliams*.
XVII. The

XVII. The Right Hon. *Henry Gray*, eldeſt Son to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Stamford*.

XVIII. *John Freind*, K. S.

XIX. Sir *Herbert Palmer*, Bart.

XX. The Right Hon. *Thomas Oſborn* Lord *Danby*, Son to the Right Hon. the Marquis of *Carmarthen*.

XXI. The Hon. *Thomas Coote*, ſecond Son to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Bellomont*.

XXII. *Thomas Vivian*, K. S.

XXIII. *James Gilpin*, K. S.

XXIV. *Richard Naſh*, K. S.

XXV. *John White*, K. S.

XXVI. *Thomas Kingſman*, K. S.

XXVII. *George Crotchley*, K. S.

XXVIII. *Edmond Williamſon*, K. S.

XXIX. The Right Hon. *Edward Bligh*, Lord *Clifton*.

XXX. Sir *Hugh Wrotteſly*, Bart.

XXXI. *Daniel Moſtyn*, K. S.

XXXII. *Edward Rumſey*, K. S.

XXXIII. *John Freind*, K. S.

XXXIV. The Hon. *Randyll Vane*, fifth Son to the Right Hon. the Lord *Barnard*.

XXXV. *Robert Hemmington*, K. S.

XXXVI. The Hon. *Samuel Maſham*, only Son to the Right Hon. Lord *Maſham*.

XXXVII. *Philip Walton*, K. S.

XXXVIII. The Hon. *James Noel*, Brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Gainſborough*.

XXXIX. *Henry Cleland*, K. S.

XL. *Octavian Reynolds*, K. S.

XLI. The Hon. *James Hamilton*, Brother to the Right Hon. the Lord Viſcount *Boyn*.

XLII. *Joſeph Harris*, K. S.

XLIII. The

XLIII. The Hon. *Spencer Cowper*, Brother to the Right Hon. Earl *Cowper*.
XLIV. *Richard Slade*, K. S.
XLV. The Right Hon. *James* Lord *Cranborn*, eldeſt Son to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Salisbury*.
XLVI. *Gilbert Affleck*, K. S.
XLVII. *William Forbes*, K. S.
XLVIII. The Right Hon. the Lord Viſcount *Harcourt*.
XLIX. *Edward Raynes*, K. S.
L. *William Freind*, K. S.
LI. The Right Hon. Lord *George Sackville*, third Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*.
LII. The Hon. *Godfrey Dunoney*, ſixth Son to the Right Hon. the Lord Viſcount *Downe*.
LIII. The Right Hon. the Lord *Vere Bertie*, Brother to his Grace the Duke of *Ancaſter*.
LIV. *Thomas Kingſman*, K. S.
LV. *Thomas Carkeſſe*, K. S.
LVI. The Right Hon. *Robert Darcy*, Earl of *Holderneſſe*.
LVII. *William Freind*, K. S.
LVIII. *John Moſtyn*, K. S.
LIX. Sir *Edmond Thomas*, Bart.
LX. The Right Hon. *William Fitzwilliams*, ſecond Son to the Right Hon. Lord Viſcount *Fitzwilliams*, of *Merrionetſhire*.
LXI. *Peter Ducaſſe*, K. S.
LXII. *Chriſtopher Rhodes*, K. S.
LXIII. *Septimus Robinſon*, K. S.
LXIV. The Right Hon. Lord *George Sackville*, third Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*.
LXV. *George Lewis*, K. S.
LXVI. The Hon. *Charles Vane*, ſixth Son to the Right Hon. the Lord *Barnard*.
LXVII. Sir *William Vigors Burdet*, Bart.

LXVIII. The

LXVIII. The Hon. *John Haye*, third Son to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Kinnoul*.
LXIX. *Henry Cleland*, K. S.
LXX. Sir *Danvers Osborn*, Bart.
LXXI. *Philip Young*, K. S.
LXXII. Sir *Herbert Palmer*, Bart.
LXXIII. *Henry Pollexfen*, K. S.
LXXIV. *Thomas Salter*, K. S.
LXXV. The Right Hon. Lord *John Sackville*, ſecond Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*.
LXXVI. The Hon. *William Leviſon Gower*, eldeſt Son to the Right Hon. Lord *Gower*.
LXXVII. *Thomas Symonds*, K. S.
LXXVIII. The Right Hon. Lord *John Sackville*, ſecond Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*.
LXXIX. *Chriſtopher Rhodes*, K. S.
LXXX. *Francis Bernard*, K. S.
LXXXI. *George Lewis*, K. S.
LXXXII. The Right Hon. the Earl of *Holderneſs*.

A Speech in the College-Hall, after Dinner, by the Hon. *James Noel*, Eſq.
Prologue to the *Phormio* of *Terence*.
Epilogue to the *Phormio*.

(AD)

REGEM.

QUocunque mentem, *Maxime Principum*,
Flectis ſagacem, pectore Conſilii
Quodcunque verſas, uſque charis
Præſidium meditatus Anglis;
Tecum Tuorum ſeu Studia, Indolem,
Moreſque penſas providus, ut, pari
Omnes amore amplexus, omnes
Imperio modereris æquo;
Seu Gentibus qui ſit ſtatus exteris,
Quid quæque ſperet, quid gerat æſtimas,
Quâ parte Tempeſtas minetur,
Quâ Zephyri faveant ſecundi;
Permitte longam Muſa procax diem
Incidat: aurem da vacuam Lyræ,
Et pone pauliſper *Britanno*
Sollicitam ſuper orbe Frontem.
Non ſemper arcu ſpicula dirigit
Phœbus, viciſſim ſed citharæ ſciens,
Fuſus ſub umbrâ cum Camœnis
Pierio recreatur antro.
Pelidem Achillem cedere neſcium,
Et cogitantem multa ſub *Ilio*,
Lenivit olim, dulce ſando,
Dulce Menœtiades canendo.
Nec Bella ſemper *Scipiades* movet;
Quin hunc ſubactæ non memorem *Africæ*
Lectique per ludum lapilli
Ac Studium puerile captant,

Et Te negotî cum ſatias habet,
Quàm ſæpe curis avocat arduis
Peſſum, reclinatumque blandis
Alloquiis CAROLINA mulcet!
Quàm ſæpe geſtis viſere copias,
Vel militantes æquore fervido,
Fugamve mentitas, futuræ
Dum peragunt ſimulachra pugnæ!
Ut nunc Pedeſtres ire per ordines,
Ferri per agmen nunc Equitem juvat!
Qualiſque per *Thracen Gradivus*,
Arma, viros, habitumque luſtras!
Tandem canoros, ſiquid adhuc vacas,
Admitte cœtus; reſpice Regios
De ſtirpe Reginæ nepotes;
Sunt etiam tua turba Muſæ.
Hoc noſter Hoſpes ſplendidus, hoc tuus
Wilhelmus orat te, genibus minor.
Fallorne? *Cæſar* an ſereno
Signa dedit manifeſta nutu?
Ferite chordas, Annuit, Annuit,
Ceſſatne plectri pulſus eburnei?
Thalia, Clio! Quis novenas
Ocyus expediat Sorores?
Capeſſat artem quiſque ſuam Puer:
Tu ſparge flores; Cæſareis para
Tu Civicam, tu Apollinarem
Nectere Temporibus Corollam.

Majeſtatis Tuæ
Cultor humillimus
Fideque devinctiſſimus,
ROBERTUS HAY.

TO

TO THE

KING.

TRANSLATION of the foregoing.

WHate'er engages your capacious Mind,
The Weal of *Britain*, or of all Mankind;
Whether your Subjects Manners you ſurvey,
Watchful to guide them with paternal Sway;
Or if to foreign States you bend your Thought,
Weigh with what Schemes their airy Hopes are fraught;
On one Side ſee the gath'ring Tempeſts riſe,
On that mild *Zephyrs* fan the azure Skies;
A while, Great King, ſuſpend the Weight of Pow'r,
And with the Muſe divide one grateful Hour.
Not always bends the Bow the God of Day,
Nor beams direct an unremitting Ray;
But ſometimes, ſhelter'd in the tuneful Shades,
Deigns to preſide amidſt th' *Aonian* Maids.
While fierce *Achilles* meditates the Foe,
Eager to lay *Troy's* haughty Turrets low,
Patroclus oft aſſuag'd his warlike Fire,
With ſocial Converſe, or the ſoothing Lyre.
And that fam'd *Scipio*, who *Carthage* won,
Of his great Father no degen'rate Son,
Would condeſcend, when warlike Toils were o'er,
To youthful Paſtime on the lonely Shore;

And you, with Buſineſs, or with Cares, oppreſt,
Indulgent fly to *Carolina's* Breaſt:
Her lenient Smiles each ſterner Thought controul,
Diſpel the Cloud, and harmonize the Soul.
Oft you delight to view the duſty Field,
Where ſhining Troops a Gleam of Terror yield;
Mark the Proluſion of ſome future Fight,
The furious Onſets, the concerted Flight;
While, like the *Thracian* God, you move along,
From Rank to Rank amidſt th' embattel'd Throng.
And now, if ought of Leiſure ſtill remain,
Regard the Muſes' not inglorious Train.
Let us, the Offspring of a Royal Care,
By Right, by Nature, your Affection ſhare.
For us your *William* ſues, our ſplendid Gueſt,
Who pleads our Merit with a Son's Requeſt.
Methinks I ſee, Great *Cæſar's* Look benign
And gracious Nod proclaim th' aſſenting Sign.
Come, *Clio*, come; the nine-fold Siſters bring;
Wake all the Pow'rs of each reſponſive String.
And let our Youths their ſeveral Arts beſtow,
This weave a civic Crown, that Flowers ſtrew,
And one with Laurel deck the Monarch's Brow.

TO THE
QUEEN.

WHilſt crowding Nations willing Homage pay,
And at your Feet their grateful Off'rings lay:
Whilſt o'er the ſpacious Land, Great *Queen*, you ſhow'r
The gentle Influence of your ſofter Pow'r,
Be none o'erlook'd within this happy Iſle,
Smile too on thoſe on whom the Muſes ſmile;
Sons of this Royal School: who boaſt to trace
From fam'd *Eliſa* their immortal Race:
In early Youth for ever train'd to raiſe
The pious Column to their Monarch's Praiſe.
Gladly we ſaw the Sov'reign paſſing by,
And read the Joy that danc'd in ev'ry Eye,
When firſt the Globe was balanc'd in his Hand,
And *Edward's* Crown confirm'd his juſt Command.
'Twas then the Queen in all her Luſtre ſhone.
Firſt in his Heart, and Partner of his Throne.
Stately ſhe mov'd along the ſacred Way,
Grac'd with the Enſigns of Imperial Sway:
The Golden Tiſſue veil'd the dazling Air
Of Light, too ſtrong for vulgar Eyes to bear.
With equal Steps attendant on the Queen
Three Royal Virgins in the Train were ſeen:

Her

Her Likeneſs in the lovely Race we find,
And image abſent *Frederic* in our Mind.
Not the rich Canopy, which *Atlas* bears
O'er the wide World, adorn'd with all the Stars,
Beneath its ample Orb contains a Sight
More great and good, more beautiful and bright.
Whilſt they proceed each *Briton* bears a Part,
And ſhews the Tranſport of his loyal Heart:
Sires tell their Sons, ſecure of future Bliſs,
That the next Age will be as bleſt as this.
The Son the Prophecy with Rapture hears,
And feels the Bleſſings of ſucceeding Years.
Like Eaglets to the Sun, We try to riſe
Warm'd by the Rays of your indulgent Eyes.
Your honour'd Name ſhall each revolving Year,
The Muſes' Tribute with *Eliſa* ſhare.
For *Gloriana* does again appear
To raiſe a *Spencer* and a *Sidney* here.

Your MAJESTY'S

moſt dutiful and

Loyal Subject and Servant,

MIDDLESEX.

ORATIO

In Scholâ, poſt preces peractas,

HABITA A

Thoma Kingsman Alumno Regio.

SI frequentiſſimus iſtie clariſſimorum Virorum concurſus, qui ad hunc diem locumque celebrandum anno ſuperiore confluxerunt, non mediocri nos affecerit lætitiâ; Hodierno die, cum *Scholam* noſtram eâdem frequentiâ ſtipari, iiſdem Hominum Nobiliſſimorum ſtudiis foveri, præſentiâque honeſtari, iterum denuo conſpiciamus, nequaquam certe minus, atque haud ſcio annon multo etiam magis nobis lætandum putemus. Fieri enim potuit in primâ illâ Feſtorum noſtrorum celebratione, ut nonnullos novitatis ſtudioſos inſolita res acciverit; qui ludis noſtris non ideo interfuerint, quod aliquid auribus ſuis dignum afferri ſperarent; ſed quia novum quiddam atque inuſitatum proclive eſſet ſectari. Sic vos nimirum, Viri ampliſſimi, clientes tenuiores inviſere non dedignamini, ſiquando vos expleverit lautitiæ veſtræ ſatietas. Sed, cum ſemel excepti hoſpitio, haud ſane nimium liberali, iterum ad nos divertatis; ne nobis arrogantiæ crimen hæreat, ſi ſic opinemur, vos hinc aliquam ſaltem liberalis animi oblectationem & prius percepiſſe, & jam advenientes expectare. In hoc itaque elaborandum eſt, ut non irrita prorſus evaneſcat veſtra de nobis, quantulacunque

que est, existimatio: Ad hoc omni studio connitendum, ut hic dies, jussu vestro festivitati designatus, suo, quantum in nobis est, honore non destituatur.

At qui dies huic nostræ Solennitati melius conveniret, quàm qui conservat nobis colendissimam, & optimo cuique charissimam, *Elizabethæ Inauguratæ* memoriam? Ex hoc die quo susceptum est Imperium huic genti multo auspicatissimum, quantum ad majores nostros gaudium redundavit? Quâ lætitiâ exultârunt, cum gubernacula Reipublicæ solennibus ceremoniis consecrata ad eam Principem deferri viderent, cujus jam multis in rebus spectata virtus ita Populi totius amorem voluntatemque conciliârat, ita suorum animos erexerat, ut simul atque illam in solio conspicerent, bona omnia, quæ postea adepti sunt, jam spe atque expectatione præoccuparent? Quibus tum plausibus personuit Ædes nostra Augustissima? Quæ per totam gentem secuta est Gratulatio?

In hâc tam lætâ rerum facie contemplandâ, in hâc publicæ felicitatis commemoratione, quis non morari libenter velit? Sed, inter hæc repetenda, animum uniuscujusque vestrûm aliò avocari facile sentio. Recentioris Triumphi splendor, iisdem ominibus auspicati, eodem populi ardore apud nos nuper celebrati, jamdudum vobis obversatur. In mentem usque vestram nostramque atque adeo in oculos incurrit celeberrimæ illius Pompæ imago, ad quam spectandam non modo se undique effuderunt nostrates, sed illustres etiam a terris longè remotis Viri, frequentes cupidique, advolaverunt.

Quæ tum illos defixos tenuit admiratio! quid sentiebant, quid cogitabant, cum pulcherrimam illam

lam Britanniæ faciem colluſtrarent? Hæc nimirum eſt illa Gens, quæ patriam cujuſque noſtrûm non ſolum Nominis ſui famâ implevit, ſed Armorum terrore perculit, tam domi ſpectabilis, quàm foris metuenda. Quid, cum tot ſummos viros loci ac dignitatis ſuæ Inſignibus ornatos conſpicerent? Jam domum quiſque ſuam id poterat reportare, quod *Pyrrhi* quondam a Romano Senatu rediens Legatus, vidiſſe ſe congregatum ſub uno tecto Regum Concilium. Unum autem præ cæteris longè eminentem, cui, tanquam clariſſimo illi collectæ Græciæ Imperatori, omnes ordines ſe ſubmittebant, quantâ tandem cum veneratione contuebantur?

Quis oratione, quis animo poſſit complecti, vel illorum Admirationem, vel effuſam noſtrorum Lætitiam, quam non tacitis cogitationibus premebant; non ſolum vultu, oculis, omnique muto exultantis animi indicio ſignificare, ſed voce etiam atque acclamationibus teſtari geſtiebant? Nunc, Cives, nunc, ſiquando aliàs, jure lætandum eſt. En Illum, quem votis omnibus exoptavimus, Principem! cujus Juſtitiam, Fidem, Moderationem, cæteraſque Regii animi dotes cognitas jam ante, & penitus perſpectas habuimus. Quin illuc oculos convertite, Reginam ad ſolium accedentem contemplamini; in habitu, in inceſſu, in ore, qui Decor, quæ Gratia, quæ Majeſtas!

Hæc inter ſe gratulantium vox, & oratio, ad aures noſtras, ex omni parte, pervenit. At quid Nos interim? Num alienæ lætitiæ ſpectatores otioſi conſedimus? An, cum omnium ordinum homines, omnium conditionum, omnium ætatum, fortunam ſuam agnoſcerent, & prædicarent, Nos publicum gaudium

non arriperemus, quibus præter communes lætitiæ cauſas propria inſuper acceſſerunt lætandi & gloriandi argumenta?

Hoc primum non parum extulit nos, atque erexit, quod clariſſimum Triumphum, quo nihil magnificentius viderunt Romana Capitolia, in Æde noſtrâ ſanctiſſimâ celebratum, & quaſi domum ad nos deductum, ipſi, Pompæ pars exigua, ſpectaremus. Quâ voluptate perfuſi conſpeximus ſacra Imperii Inſignia, Venerabilium Virorum manibus commiſſa, quorum curâ & fide conſervantur, atque ad nos integra derivantur, optimæ Fundatricis immortalia Beneficia? Quantus deinde lætitiæ noſtræ cumulus acceſſit, cum oculos per tantam ſplendoris varietatem circumferentibus obverſata ſunt illorum etiam Mæcenatum, quos hodie contuemur, Honorata capita, inter primos hominum Nobiliſſimorum ordines eminentia? Tum alter alterum reſpicere, & compellare, En illa *Scholæ* noſtræ Præſidia atque Ornamenta! haud longè abeſt Dies optatus, cum eoſdem illos clariſſimos viros, quorum Locum, Gradum, Dignitatem hic ſuſpicimus, ad Feſta noſtra, pro ſua humanitate, ultro confluentes excipiemus. Quantum decus Illi rebus exilibus accedent, qui etiam maximis tantum afferunt momenti? quo honore Ludos noſtros nobilitabunt, qui Pompam ſplendidiſſimam ſuo ſplendore illuſtrant?

Ab hâc jucundâ contemplatione ad ſe continuò oculos noſtros menteſque converterunt Rex Auguſtiſſimus cum Sereniſſima Regina inter duos uterque Eccleſiæ Antiſtites venerandâ majeſtate incedentes. Ut vero ad hunc conſpectum erecti ſunt nobis animi! Ut accenſa eſt illico in nobis Fundatricis noſtræ memoria

moria! Haud diſſimili quondam comitatu deducta idem ſanctiſſimum Templum ingreſſa eſt, iiſdemque Aris advoluta beatiſſima *Elizabetha*. Quod ſi illa felicium, quæ hinc duxerat, auſpiciorum memor, hunc locum eximie dilexit, &, inter initia regni, Scholam noſtram, perpetuum amoris ſui Monumentum, poſuit; ab illo Principe, qui, regno nondum ſuſcepto, ſuam nobis munificentiam, quaſi ſignum ad bene ſperandum, porrexit, quid non ſperemus? Audentius jam cœpimus confidere Alumnis Regiis haud porro defuturum Regale Patrocinium. Hanc autem fiduciam non temerè conceptam illo die ſenſimus, cum, ex ſingulari Parentis Auguſtæ gratiâ, Hoſpitem illuſtrem, hujus gentis Spem alteram, intra domeſticos parietes recepimus. Juvit tum nos ad Indolem illam præclaram diligenter animum advertere, vultum amabilem oculis colluſtrare, verba lepidiſſima auribus percipere. Juvit cæteræ Prolis Regiæ eodem ampliſſimo genere procreatæ, eodem cultu rectiſſimo formatæ imaginem ob animos ponere; atque haud dubiis ominibus augurari, quam præſtantes his terris Principes, quam benigni huic Scholæ ſuccreſcerent Fautores.

Et, ſi quid valeant vota noſtra, ſi quid veri habeant præſagia; Pueri nondum nati ante honoratum, qualem nos contuemur, clariſſimorum virorum conſeſſum, cum gentis communi felicitate ſuam ſimul fortunam ex his roſtris prædicabunt; ad optimæ Fundatricis honores, Regiorum Patronorum laudes adjicient; & Beatiſſimæ *Elizabethæ* commemorationem Auguſtiſſimæ illius Domûs meritis præconiis cumulabunt.

TRANSLATION of the

ORATION,

Spoken in the School, after Prayers,

BY

THOMAS KINGSMAN, King's Scholar.

IF the numerous Appearance of the brighteſt Ornaments of the Nation, which laſt Year honoured this Day and Place, afforded us abundant Matter of Joy; now, when we ſee our School filled with the ſame illuſtrious Concourſe, encouraged with their Affection, and animated by their Preſence, we preſume we have not leſs, probably much greater, Reaſon for the ſame Senſations. For, it was poſſible, in that firſt Celebration of our Feſtivity, ſome were brought to it from a Deſire of Novelty, and partook of the Eſſays of our Wit, not from the Hopes of hearing ſomething worthy of their Attention, but from that Curioſity, which is inherent in human Nature: Juſt as you ſometimes, when ſatiated with your own Greatneſs, vouchſafe to relieve yourſelves with a ſudden Viſit to us your humble Clients. But when having been once Gueſts at our intellectual Repaſt, homely as it is, we ſee you again turn in upon us, you muſt not accuſe us of Arrogance, if we flatter ourſelves that you before received, and now again expect to receive, ſome Entertainment at leaſt to a liberal Mind. It muſt, in return, be our Endeavour, that your Opinion of us, how moderate

ſoever,

ſoever, may not appear to have been without Foundation; and it is incumbent on us to exert our utmoſt Efforts, that this Day, dedicated to Feſtivity by your Commands, may not, as far as in us lies, fall ſhort of the Honours due to it.

And what Day is more proper for this Solemnity, than that which is ſacred to the *Inauguration of Queen Elizabeth?* a Name dear to every good Man, and to us more particularly. From this Day on which ſhe commenced her Reign, how did our Anceſtors date the Æra of their Happineſs? How did their Hearts beat with Joy, when they ſaw the Enſigns of Royalty, with accuſtomed Ceremony, placed in her Hands, whoſe experienced Virtues had ſo attracted the Affection of her People, had ſo elevated their Hopes, that ſhe was no ſooner on the Throne, than they anticipated in their Minds all the Happineſs which afterwards enſued? With what Applauſes was our ſacred Abbey filled? What Congratulations followed throughout the Kingdom?

With Pleaſure could I dwell in expatiating on that delightful Scene of public Felicity. But, at the mention of it, I already ſee your Thoughts are carried to another of the like Nature. The Splendor of a late Triumph, attended with the ſame happy Omens, celebrated with the ſame univerſal Zeal, preſents itſelf to your Imaginations. Immediately you recall, and ſet before your Eyes, the Repreſentation of that illuſtrious Pomp, to which, not only Crowds of our own Nation, but of the moſt diſtant Parts of the Earth, flew with eager Haſte to be Spectators.

And what was the Effect? How were they penetrated with Admiration; what Sentiments did they feel, when they beheld the auguſt Appearance which

Great

Great Britain then made? A Nation, ſaid they, which has filled the Country of each of us as well with the Reverence of its Name, as with the Terror of its Arms; no leſs reſpectable in the Arts of Peace, than dreadful for its Power in War. How ſtruck, at the ſight of ſo many great Perſonages, arrayed in the diſtinguiſhing Badges of their Order, the Inſignia of their reſpective Offices and Dignities? Each might now report, on his return home, what the Embaſſadors of *Pyrrhus* did, of the *Roman* Senate, that they had ſeen collected under one Roof *an Aſſembly of* KINGS. But with what ecſtatic Veneration at laſt did they behold one far above the reſt, to whom, as to the Great Leader of *Greece*, all Orders of Nobility ſubmitted?

Who can expreſs in Words, or in Thought conceive, either their Aſtoniſhment or our Joy, not confined to ſecret Reflexion, not diſtinguiſhed with ſilent Indications of the Eyes and Geſture, but which broke forth into Voice and redoubled Acclamations? This, my Countrymen, ſaid they, is the Time, if ever there was any, for real Triumph. Behold a PRINCE, whom we have longed for with united Wiſhes, of whoſe Juſtice, Faith, Moderation, and every other Royal Virtue, we have had long and full Experience. Next, turn your Eyes to his QUEEN in like manner approaching her Throne: What Attractives, what becoming Grace, what Majeſty in her Attitude, her Motion, and her whole Deportment!

Such was the Voice of mutual Congratulation, which ſounded in our Ears from every Quarter. How were we, in our turn, affected? Did we ſit ſtill as unconcerned Spectators of a foreign Joy? Or, while all Orders of Men, every Age, every Condition, proclaimed

claimed their good Fortune, ſhould not we catch the pleaſing Fire, who had not only a Share in the common Fund of Happineſs, but an Acceſſion of it, peculiarly our own?

In the firſt place, we were not a little elated, that we, who made no ſmall Part of this Pomp, beheld the Proceſſion of it, (a Magnificence, than which the *Roman* Capitol never boaſted greater) conducted within our own ſacred Walls, and brought home to us, as it were, before our Eyes. With what Pleaſure did the we ſee the awful Enſigns of Empire committed to Hands of thoſe venerable Sages, whoſe Care and Fidelity perpetuate and deliver down to us inviolate the immortal Bleſſings of our excellent Foundreſs? Next, what a new Increaſe of Joy was it, when caſting our Eyes around on ſuch Variety of Splendor, thoſe great *Mæcenas's* ſtood forth in view, the firſt of Nobility, whoſe Preſence now honours this Aſſembly. See there, ſaid we with ſecret Tranſport turning to each other, the Guardians, the Ornaments of this literary Seminary! The wiſhed-for Day is now approaching, when theſe great Heroes, whoſe Station and Dignity we now contemplate, ſhall condeſcend to be the Gueſts at our Solemnity. And what Weight will they give to Things of little Moment, who add ſo much to the greateſt? How will they ennoble our ſportive Eſſays of the Imagination, who add to Majeſty itſelf a Splendor?

From theſe enchanting Reflexions, we were called off with the Sight of our Auguſt King, and his Serene Conſort, each approaching between two Prelates with venerable Majeſty. How were we agitated at the Appearance! How did the Memory of our illuſtrious Foundreſs glow in our Hearts? With like Attendance

did

did our *Elizabeth* enter the ſame ſacred Temple, and proſtrate herſelf before the ſame Altars. And if ſhe, mindful of the happy Auſpices which ſhe took from hence, fixed her Affections on the Place, and laid the Foundation of our School, as a perpetual Monument of her Love, in the very Beginning of her Reign; what may we not expect from a Prince, who, before the Commencement of his, extended to us his Munificence, as a certain Earneſt of our future Hopes? We may now then preſage with greater Confidence, that to our Royal Foundation there will never be wanting a Royal Patronage. For this Confidence we had the ſtrongeſt Grounds, when we received within our Walls an illuſtrious Gueſt, the ſecond Hope of the *Britiſh* Kingdom, by the ſingular Favour of his Royal Mother. Then were we captivated with the Excellence of his Nature, our Eyes feaſted with his winning Aſpect, our Ears with his delightful Converſation. From him we figured to ourſelves the Idea of the reſt of the Royal Progeny, ſprung from the ſame illuſtrious Stock, and formed with the ſame diſtinguiſhed Care. We divined, from ſuch certain Omens, what excellent Princes would be the Bleſſings of this Nation, what munificent Patrons the Protectors of our School.

And if our Prayers have any Weight, if there is Truth in any Preſages, Youths yet unborn ſhall proclaim, before ſuch an Honourable Aſſembly as we now behold, the Nation's Happineſs, and their own; ſhall join to the Homage paid our admired Foundreſs the Tribute due to their Royal Patrons, and ſhall interweave the Eulogiums of that Auguſt Family with the Praiſes of the immortal ELIZABETH.

Hinc Sceptra accipere, & primos attollere Fasces
Regibus Omen erat.

I.

QUA via Principibus pandit se lata *Britannis*,
Cùm sacram expectent debita *Sceptra* manum,
Hac tendens *Petri* ad Fanum, & circùm omnia lustrans,
Undique regales spectat *Elisa* domos:
Hinc Ædes *Procerum*, *Stephani* videt inde Sacellum,
In quo concilium grande *Senatus* habet;
Hinc *Rufi* spatiosam altis laquearibus *Aulam*,
Jura ubi quadruplici dat *Themis* æqua Foro.
His ait, his unum *Decus* Ipsa Penatibus addam,
Crescet & in laudes docta Juventa meas.
Confirmat lætum præsagæ *Principis* omen,
Et spem testatur lux Hodierna ratam.
Quæque monet priscos ritus memorare, recludit
Lætitiæ Scenam lux Hodierna novam.
Continuo ardescat studiis animosa Juventus,
Promat & Ingenii quicquid, & Artis habet.
Hic versum ad numeros tollat nervosque *Latinos*,
Flectat ad *Angliacos* suaviter ille modos.
Et neque *Nobilitas* obstet, neque mollior *ætas*;
Quin unum hoc omnes, hoc meditentur opus.
Quare agite, O Socii, hinc exordia sumite: pergat
Auspice Me Felix, Me Duce, tota dies,

Johannes Mostyn, Alumnus Regius.

[ALONG the sacred Way, which wide expands,
Where first the Ensigns grace the Royal Hands,

While great *Eliza* moves, before her Eyes
A venerable Group of Structures riſe.
Firſt her Approach *St. Peter's* Columns greet;
Next the two Domes, where either Senate meet;
Here *Rufus'* Hall, where, in her lofty Car,
Themis triumphant reins her fourfold Bar.
" One Temple more, ſays ſhe, I ſtill will raiſe,
" Sacred to Science, and *Eliza's* Praiſe."
She ſaid; and, lo! this joyful Day records
The firmeſt Proof of her preſaging Words.
Let this Day then recall the Ages paſt,
From whence we ſprung, and ſhall to Ages laſt.
Let in our Breaſt Poetic Ardour glow,
To pay what Art or Nature can beſtow.
Let ſtudious Striſe diverſify the Line,
And *Latian* Strength with *Engliſh* Sweetneſs join.
Nor *Blood*, nor *Youth* ſhall here Exemption claim;
The Cauſe of Gratitude to all's the ſame.
Come then, my Friends, and with inceſſant Song
The precious Minutes of this Day prolong.]

II.

QUANDO ſuum ornari diademate juſſit *Eliſa*,
Exoſum Monachis Pontificique caput,
Debita Mitrati detrectant munia Patres,
Qui Romæ patriam poſthabuere ſuam.
Omen, *Eliſa*, tibi quàm fauſtum! Sceptra tueris
Non data Papali, non adimenda manu.

Jacobus Gilpin, A. R.

[TO place the Crown on fam'd *Eliza's* Head,
The Bane of Friars, and of Popes the Dread,

A glorious Taſk! the mitred Chiefs decline,
In treach'rous Faith to *Peter's* hallow'd Shrine *.
Hail! happy Queen! a Sceptre doom'd to ſway,
Which *Rome* no more can give, than take away.]

III.

APTLY our Monarch's Crowning to diſplay,
You chuſe *Eliza's* Coronation Day.
To Him we pay the Tribute of our Lays,
But 'tis from Her that we have learn'd to praiſe.
To us alike both happy Days belong,
While one ſupplies the Theme, and one the Song.

Octavian Reynolds, King's Scholar.

IV.

ABJICERE antiquos ritus, pompamque vetuſtam
Admonita, at fruſtra, ſcandis, *Eliſa*, thronum.
Tranſmiſſo à priſcis atavis ſplendore renides,
Tradis & integrum, quod geris ipſa, decus.
Antiquos voluiſſe ſequi Tibi gloria Patres,
Gloria poſtgenitis Te potuiſſe ſequi.

Jacobus Richards, A. R.

[WITHOUT the Pomp from Ages handed down,
Some wiſh'd *Eliza* to accept her Crown:
But wiſer ſhe maintains the Regal State,
Great in herſelf, and by Preſcription great.
To've follow'd others is your Glory due;
Poſterity ſhall boaſt to follow you.]

* The Archbiſhop of *York* and ſome others refuſed to aſſiſt at Queen *Elizabeth's* Coronation, out of a ſcrupulous Regard and Tenderneſs to the *Romiſh* Religion. *Camden's Elizabeth*, p. 371. Ed. Kennet.

V.

PROGRESSA à turri, ſua quæ Regalia ſervat,
Ad *Petri* ſacram tendit *Eliſa* domum,
Docta pati, ſortemque omnem ſuperare ferendo,
Vincere crudeles docta ſilendo minas.
Utilis eſt turris, tribuit quòd *Eliſa*, coronam;
Utilior multò quòd tibi carcer erat.

Edvardus Philips, A. R.

[FROM guarded Walls, her Enſigns which contain,
Eliza moves to *Peter's* ſacred Fane,
By Experience taught all Fortunes to endure,
By Patience conqu'ring what ſhe cannot cure.
Thy Crown the Tow'r gave by common Fate;
That you were Pris'ner there, you're truly great.]

VI.

DUM noſtra, in gremio Schola quos nutrivit Alumnos,
Hoſpitio egregios excipit Aula viros,
Quos ſua nobilitas, quos clara Periſcelis ornat,
Quoſque ſacræ Cathedræ, quoſque Senatus habet;
Non niſi Regali puerorum vincitur Aula,
Non niſi Regali eſt hæc ſuperanda dies.

Carolus Gore, A. R.

[BEHOLD this awful Dome of Science, full
With genuine Sons of our diſtinguiſh'd School:
Peers, Prelates, Senators, and garter'd Knights,
Diffuſe one gen'ral Blaze of diff'rent Lights.
What Time, what Place, ſuch Glory can diſplay,
Except a Regal Hall, or Coronation Day!]

VII. *BATH's*

VII.

BATH's honourable *Knights* our Church inſtalls;
Their *Arms* and *Banners* grace her ſacred Walls.
Yet, if I err not, none of Yours are there;
No Sons of *Weſtminſter* theſe Honours ſhare.
But, with juſt Pride, amongſt ourſelves we ſee
The Azure Ribbon, and the Garter'd Knee.
O let the Blue our Glory ſtill remain!
For that's the Colour which will never ſtain.

Sir *Edward Newdigate*, Bart. of the third Form.

VIII.

VIDISTIS quanto verrebat Syrmate ſcenam;
Cum fictum aſcendit *Mima Bolena* thronum.
Vidiſtis pannoſus ut *Harlequin* ora ferebat,
Dum lepidum fulvo circuit ære caput.
Nos quoque quàm ferimus levia & ludicra, videtis,
Nos Fundatrici qualia ſerta damus.
Teximus ex levibus foliis Tibi, *Eliſa*, coronam,
Aut e carminibus, quæ leviora volant.

John White, A. R.

[YOU'VE ſeen how *Bolen's* decorated Scene
With length of Robe diſplay'd the Mimic Queen:
How tripp'd patch'd *Harlequin* with buſy tread,
While a falſe Crown bedeck'd his vizard Head.
We likewiſe offer here our youthful Toil,
To praiſe our Foundreſs, and to gain your Smile.
A verdant Garland each officious weaves,
Or emulates with Verſe the ſportive Leaves.]
For all the Force our Head cannot impart,
Shoots forth ſpontaneous from a grateful Heart.]

IX.

ERGO iterum *Angliacas*, *Hiſpani*, accenditis iras:
Ergo iterum imbelli funditis ore minas?
Exciderintne animis invictæ *Virginis* arma?
Exciderit noſtris obruta claſſis aquis?
Quin ſapite, incolumes; ſi non meminiſtis *Eliſæ*,
GEORGIUS immemores non ſinet eſſe ſui.

Nathanael Crutchley, A. R.

[AND dares the *Spaniard* now again provoke
Th' avenging Thunder from the *Britiſh* Oak?
Has he forgot how low his Power was laid
By Hands reſiſtleſs of the Royal Maid?
While ſafe, beware; of GEORGE unmindful go
Nor the firm Friend, nor ſelf-deluding Foe.]

X.

OMENS return of that auſpicious Reign,
That rais'd this Royal School, and humbled *Spain*.
Her vain Attempts ſhe may again repent:
Britannia's King can ſhake the Continent.
Whilſt *Calpé*, that *Herculean* Pillar, ſtands
Safer in His, than in *Alcides'* Hands.
To him belongs the Conduct of the War,
Let Arts and Learning be his *Conſort's Care*.
If CAROLINA, with *Eliza's* Grace,
Propitious ſmiles on this once favour'd Place,
The future Ages ſhall obſerve and tell,
How twice *We* roſe, and twice the *Spaniard* fell.

The Right Honourable *Charles Sackville* Lord *Middleſex*, eldeſt Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*, of the ſixth Form.

XI. THO'

XI.

THO' oft has CAROLINA's Praiſe
Rais'd and adorn'd our *Roman* Lays;
Yet may that fav'rite Name appear
Still ſweeter to an *Engliſh* Ear.
That Name our Tongue may ſtill refine,
And ſoften into CAROLINE.

The Honourable *William Beſcawen*, fifth Son to the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount *Falmouth*, of the ſecond Form.

XII.

HÆRES defunctæ ſucceſſis, *Eliſa*, *Mariæ*,
Extinctoſque ignes impia *Roma* gemit.
Erepti à flammis læti plauſere *Britanni*,
Sævitiæque novum non timuêre jugum.
Imperii reliquos Virtus Tua proſperat annos;
Gaudia Principio dat Soror ipſa Tuo.

Guliclmus Taylour, A. R.

[WHEN you, *Eliza*, to the Crown ſucceed,
The Flames no longer burn, or Martyrs bleed.
Britons rejoice, what *Romiſh* Zealots mourn,
That Halcyon Days from ſuch a Storm return.
Your Sun's true Glory was inherent Light,
But it roſe brighter from your Siſter's Night.]

XIII.

HEAD of the Church! the Papiſts ſay,
Suppoſe a Woman bear the Sway!
A proper Head we muſt confeſs,
That Father of your Church Queen *Beſs!*

Why

Why yes; that Father, you muſt own,
At leaſt as proper, as Pope *Joan*,
That Female Whore of *Babylon*.

Francis Bernard, K. S.

XIV.

ELISA's rightful Title to debar,
When Bulls came thund'ring from the Papal Chair,
Unaw'd, unſhook, She kept her high Command,
And forty Years ſhe rul'd and bleſs'd the Land.
If *Romiſh* Curſes draw ſuch Bleſſings down,
If this the Vengeance of the Triple Crown,
Good Pontiff, GEORGE's Title diſallow,
And lance thy Thunders at our Monarch now.

XV.

THAT ſacred *Roof*, which roſe of old ſo high,
And ſtood the Wonder of the Gazer's Eye,
That which for numberleſs Succeſſions ſpread
Its proud Pavilion o'er th' *anointed* Head;
Late more ſublimely roſe, more nobly ſhone,
And with ſuperior Honours veil'd the Throne.
Thus pays, O GEORGE, in an auſpicious Hour
The *Church* her Homage to thy Regal Pow'r.
And none ſhall now of *Rome's* Pretenſions dream;
St. *Peter's* Self confeſſes Thee Supreme.

Daniel Moſtyn, K. S.

XVI.

IN mighty Haſte to print his Almanacks,
Poor *Philomath* the Royal Day miſtakes.
The Day defer'd nor Science had foreſhown,
Nor Stars, nor, Miſtreſs of the Sea, the Moon.

Egregious

Egregious Wizard! with thy boaſted Pride
Thus to miſcalculate both Time and Tide!
Henceforth for Things to come no Figure caſt,
And propheecy no more——but what is paſt.

The Honourable *William Fitzwilliams*, ſecond Son to the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount *Fitzwilliams*.

XVII.

QUARTA fuit feſto promiſſa *Octobris*; & illa
Arriſit puro Sole ſerena dies.
Prælata Undecima eſt; ſed & hæc ſine nube refulget,
Nec quicquam in cœlo triſte minatur hyems.
Nil habet Augurii lux immutata ſiniſtri;
Uſque favet Pompæ Cæſaris, Omen idem.

Honoratiſ. Dominus *Henricus Gray*, Honoratiſ. Comitis de *Stamford* Filius natu maximus, Claſſis 3tiæ.

[FOURTH of *October*, firſt was made the Choice,
And chearful Strains confirm'd the gen'ral Voice.
Th' Elev'nth, preferr'd, is ſtill ſerenely bright,
And all atteſt the ſecond Choice was right.
Tho' chang'd the Day, the Omen's ſtill the ſame,
The Sun attends thy Glory to proclaim.]

XVIII.

UT pompæ interſit, mediâ de nocte lucernas
Cum Speculo poſcit pectinibuſque *Chloe*.
Conductæ totâ veniunt ex urbe Miniſtræ,
Multarum ut manibus grande levetur onus.
Horæ veloces abeunt; & Solis ad Ortum,
Vix et vix ingens Ædificatur opus.
Jam ſecura potes longos producere ſomnos;
Pulchellæ *ſemel* eſt ſurgere *Mane* ſatis.

Johannes Freind, A. R.

[*CHLOE*, impatient for th' approaching Sight,
For once vouchſafes to riſe by Candle-light.
Glaſs, Combs, and Eſſences in Order ſtand;
Maid, Sempſtreſs, Lacquey wait her wide Command.
Swift fly the Hours; and ſcarce by op'ning Morn
An hundred Hands the finiſh'd Fair adorn.
Sleep on ſecure, when this Day's Toil is done;
And boaſt that once you've ſeen the riſing Sun.
Happy that now you ne'er will want a Theme
To talk of walking, and when ſleeping dream.]

XIX.

HER Hoop aſide each Lady lays,
At great King GEORGE's Coronation:
What Hopes of good Queen *Beſs's* Days,
If Farthingals go out of Faſhion?

Sir *Herbert Palmer*, Bart. of the third Form.

XX.

THY Name, Great PRINCE, inſcrib'd in Silk behold
On glitt'ring Favours rough with woven Gold.
The Man erect diſplays it on his Creſt,
The ſofter Fair one wears it at her Breaſt.
Thus *Britain* her united Wiſh imparts;
Thine are the wiſeſt Heads, and trueſt Hearts.

The Hon. *Thomas Oſborn* Lord *Danby*, Son to the Right Honourable the Marquis of *Carmarthen*, of the 4th Form.

XXI.

GAUDIA dum populi multùm expectata retardat,
Nec vènit ad ad dictum Pompa parata diem;
Exclamant omnes, Quo te juvat uſque morari?
Quid tam lentus, Io ſancte Triumphe, venis?

Nunc O feſtina; dehinc te ceſſare licebit,
Nec niſi poſt longam rurſus adeſſe moram.

Hon. *Thomas Coote*, Honoratiſ. Comitis de *Bellomont*, Filius natu ſecundus, Claſſis 6tæ.

[WHILE Expectation fills the panting Breaſt
Of eager Crowds, their Thoughts are thus expreſt:
"O ſacred Triumph, why doſt thou delay
"Th' auguſt Proceſſion of this joyful Day?
"O haſte! we'll not thy future Abſence mourn:
"Long be the Period of thy next Return."]

XXII.

IN curtâ Matrona ſtolâ venit ordine prima,
Et gaudet ſacram ſpargere flore viam.
Tympana, Cornicines, aliique aliique ſequuntur,
Dicere quos non eſt verſu; Equites, & Eques.
Nobilium hinc magnus, majorque, & maximus Ordo;
Utraque *Majeſtas*, ultima pompa, venit.
Principiis quoties debemus grandia parvis!
Hæc decora, has pompas unica ducit Anus.

[FIRST in Proceſſion of the pompous Day,
With fragrant Flow'rs a Matron marks the Way:
Next Trumpets, Kettle Drums, a various Band,
Too hard, too many in a Verſe to ſtand:
Then Peers, Earls, Dukes, their diff'rent Lights diſplay,
And laſt both Majeſties—Meridian Day!
To ſmall Beginnings what great Things we owe,
Since one old Woman opens ſuch a Shew.]

XXIII.

FIRST of the foremoſt ſee a Face,
With Magiſterial Coat and Pace!
High o'er the Head a Staff is ſeen,
The Terror both of Boys and Men!
How inſignificant ſoe'er
Strip'd of his Enſigns he appear,
Yet lo! how formidable he,
With Silver-knob'd Authority!
Tho' a mere Cypher he alone,
He and his Staff may paſs for One.

James Gilpin, K. S.

XXIV.

AURATA in tunicâ gemini pulſator aheni,
Súſque ſua ad numeros brachia, déque movet.
Aſpice quot tacitos ictus proludit in auras!
Quamque rotat celeres porro, retroque manus!
Gratior hinc ſonus eſt, ſonus hinc ſolennior æri,
Dulcior hinc ſociis Muſica juncta tubis.
Ictibus alternis, alternis Tympana pauſis,
Harmonicéque ſonant, Harmonicéque ſilent.

Richardus Naſh, A. R.

[SEE, brandiſh'd up and down, the buſy Hand,
The Drum reſponſive on each Side command.
This Way and that his whirling Sticks he bends,
With wild Proluſion airy Strokes pretends.
Hence the full Rumbling moves with better Grace,
And ſolemn Muſic fills the ſocial Braſs.
Forth from the Cavern of the hoarſe Profound,
Motion and Reſt he ſends alternate round,
The Pauſe harmonious, and harmonious Sound.]

XXV. PAR-

XXV.

PARVULA pars magnæ, nec pars tamen ultima pompæ,
Purpureâ incedit veſte togatus Homo.
Num quis Homo, rogitatis? Homo, qui follibus auras
Inflat, & inflatas exprimit Organicis.
Non eſt Muſicus ille, ſed eſt——quaſi Muſicus ille;
Organa namque loqui fecerit ille——quaſi.

Joannes White, A. B.

The following Original may ſerve as the Tranſlation of this.

XXVI.

BEHOLD the Man in ſolemn State,
Whoſe Scarlet Mantle ſhews him Great!
Of what new Order can he be!
The King's *Firſt-Organ-Blower* he!
Oh! could I but thy Praiſes ſing,
Firſt-Organ-Blower to the King!
The Maſters of the tuneful Trade
Muſt own thy neceſſary Aid;
Thou in their Harmony may'ſt claim
At leaſt an equal Share of Fame;
Mute without thee the Organ's found;
Their's are the Notes, but thine the Sound.

Thomas Kingſman, K. S.

XXVII.

TOSTA boum præbent epulas queis terga, *Britannum*
Regem conſtipant undique fida cohors.
Tale Satellitium non oſtentare ſolebat
Aut qui Dux Dolopum, Myrmidonumve fuit.
Eſt Stomachus, neſcit qui cedere, Taurivororum;
Ut Leo pugnabit, qui Bove paſtus erit.

Georgius Cretchly, A. B.

[A TRUSTY Troop attends our Sov'reign Lord,
For whom Roaſt-beef bedecks the daily Board.
Dolopian Chiefs ne'er led ſo ſtout a Band,
Not match'd by Myrmidons from *Phthian* Land.
Their Ox-devouring Stomach nought can tame;
Like Lions they will fight, whoſe Food's the fame.]

XXVIII.

BEHOLD in Pomp the lovely Peereſs ſhine,
Adorn'd by human Art, and Hands divine!
On Nature's Charms admiring thouſands gaze,
While Gems unheeded in her Treſſes blaze.
Does ſhe deſire thoſe Diamonds ſhould ſurprize?
Let her conceal her Face, and veil her Eyes.

Edmund Williamſon, K. S.

XXIX.

WITH their good Leave, my Muſe would take upon her
To ſing the Praiſes of the *Maids of Honour*:
Forreſter, *Slingsby*, and their Siſters four,
Were ſung by learned Poets heretofore.
Now *Dives* and *Mordaunt*, and of equal Fame
Four Virgins, from the Muſe this Off'ring claim;
By Nature form'd to be the World's Delight,
With Minds as virtuous, as their Eyes are bright.
Like ſhooting Stars they paſs'd the pompous Way,
And without *Ulſter's* Aid adorn'd the Day.
With one Conſent the gather'd Nation's Voice,
Confeſs'd their Charms, and prais'd the Royal Choice.
For never Time did ſhow, nor Poets feign,
So great a Miſtreſs, and ſo fair a Train.
Three Graces were with Beauty's Goddeſs ſeen,
But twice that Number wait on *Britain's* Queen.

The Right Honourable *Edward Bligh*, Baron *Cliſton*, *of the fourth Form.*

XXX. WHEN

XXX.

WHEN Kings alone their Regal Pomp diſplay,
Nor Peereſſes nor Queen adorn the Day;
Th' imperfect Splendor we almoſt deſpiſe,
Nor Crowns, nor Globes, nor Scepters fill our Eyes.
Can Glory pleaſe, when Beauty is not there?
The Sex compleat the Grandeur which they ſhare,
Faireſt of all Things which below are fair.

Sir *Hugh Wrottesly*, Bart. of the third Form.

XXXI.

NOBILE par Magnatum, ingentis nominis umbræ,
Cum Duce *Normanno* Dux *Aquitanus* adeſt.
Defluit ex humeris Auguſtæ purpura pallæ,
Ornat Magnificum lata Tiara caput.
Ceſſêre his omnes; ſeu pompæ tranſeat ordo,
Regificas libeat ſeu celebrare dapes.
Nec tamen, O *Proceres*, moveat faſtidia vobis
Gloria, poſt unum præteritura diem.
Muneris hoc pretioſi, amplique erit inſtar Honoris,
Si modo cras ſurgat, Dux Hodiernus, Eques.

Daniel Maſkyn, A. R.

[TWO Peers majeſtic ſwell the pompous Train,
The *Norman* Duke, and Duke of *Aquitain* *.
Their flowing Robes a Crimſon Luſtre ſhed,
And a broad Turban binds their lofty Head.
To theſe all yield, and pay Obeiſance meet,
At the Proceſſion, or the Royal Treat.

* The Duke of *Normandy* was repreſented by *George Walton*, the Duke of *Aquitain* by *Malton Lambard*, Esq. both afterwards

Let

Let not theſe ſhort-liv'd Honours raiſe Diſdain
In you, whoſe Anceſtry fills ev'ry Vein.
Enough for theſe, if but To-morrow's Light,
Whom this Day ſees a Peer, ſhall ſhew a Knight.]

XXXII.

ÆRE *Seneſchalli* aut aurato tempora ſtanno
Cingunt, qui paſſim publica feſta regunt;
At noſtri ſpernunt ficta hæc Diademata, cingit
Quorum, aut mox cinget, vera Corolla caput.

Edwardus Rumſey, A. R.

[IN mimic Scenes, where Counterfeits will paſs,
The Crowns are Tinſel, and the Di'monds Glaſs.
No Fictions here profane the ſacred Roof,
The Heroes Virtues and their Gold are Proof.
Nobles *and* Gems *diſplay a Flood of Light*;
Their Blood *unſtain'd, as is their* Water *bright.*]

XXXIII.

POETS no more---your idle Fictions ceaſe;
No more your fabled Goddeſſes can pleaſe.
Do thoſe in all their borrow'd Charms appear
With half that Sweet, yet that Majeſtic Air,
As ſcepter'd CAROLINE, our Nation's Pride,
Her lovely Offspring ſmiling at her Side?
Theſe in their Bloom three real *Grates* ſhone,
And Beauty's and *Britannia's* Queen were one.

John Freind, K. S.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

LO, CAROLINE, what Crowds on Crowds ariſe,
Eager to catch thy Image as it flies.
Obtain'd, ſee how they gaze, intent to trace
Each faint Reſemblance of that matchleſs Face.
But if thy outward Form can thus ſurprize,
Thus raiſe thy People's Thought, thus fix their Eyes;
Oh! what a noble Pleaſure would they find,
Could they but view the Picture of thy Mind!

The Honourable *Randyll Vane*, fifth Son to the Right Honourable the Lord *Barnard*, of the ſecond Form.

XXXV.

ECCE tibi, GEORGI, quà *Petri* aſcendis ad ædem,
Millia conſtipent quàm numeroſa viam.
In te defixos vultus animoſque recenſe,
Ingens Imperii Robur Opeſque tui.
Si foret *Hiſpanus* præſens, faſtu ipſe remiſſo,
Dixerit *Indorum* regna minora tuis.

Robertus Hemmington, A. R.

[WHILE you, Great GEORGE, *St. Peter's* Dome aſcend,
Thy Steps ten thouſand thouſand Crowds attend.
The Eyes and Hearts in you concenter'd count;
Of ſuch an Empire ſay the vaſt Amount!
The *Spaniard* now would own, his fertile Mine
Of *Indian* Kingdoms will not equal thine.]

XXXVI.

SPECTATURUS adeſt, variis de gentibus hoſpes,
Diſtinguat feſtum gloria quanta diem;
Illuſtremque videns pompam, populumque frequentem,
Invidus hinc vires, inde recenſet opes.
Ite domum, quiſque, & totum vulgate per orbem,
Quamque potens Socius Cæſar, & Hoſtis erit.

Hon. *Samuel Maſham*, Honoratiſſ. Domini Baronis *Maſham* Filius unicus, Claſſis ætat.

[ARRIV'D from various Climes, Spectators gaze
At the Profuſion of majeſtic Blaze;
The various Pomp admire, the num'rous Preſs,
From thence the Riches, hence the Forces gueſs.
Tell then, when you to diff'rent Nations go,
How potent ſuch a Friend, how dreadful ſuch a Foe.]

XXXVII.

GEORGIUS antiquâ dum Majeſtate verendos
Edwardi ornatus & decora alta gerit;
Diſcant, finitimis quicunque a gentibus adſunt,
Anglia quàm regum ſtemmate clara fuit,
Cùm regis vix umbram habuit Jactator *Iberus*,
Cùm tibi *Cæſar* adhuc, *Auſtria*, nullus erat.

Philippus Walton, A. R.

[WITH *Edward's* Enſigns while Great GEORGE is deck'd,
Unfaded Majeſty they ſtill reflect.
Learn hence, whom Thirſt of Knowledge hither brings,
How rich is *England* in a Race of Kings;

When to proud *Spain* a Monarch * ſcarce was known,
And haughtier *Auſtria* could not boaſt a Throne †.]

XXXVIII.

CUSPIDE præruptâ truncatum, acieque carentem
Geſtabas enſem, *Pembrochiane* Comes.
His ſuus uſus erit, vincetque his GEORGIUS armis;
Et ſua *Curtanam* laus, ſua palma manet.
Gloria quantalibet ſit debellare ſuperbos,
Parcere ſubjectis gloria major erit.

Hon. *Jacobus Noel*, Honoratiſ. Comitis de *Gainſborough* Frater.

[SEE, born erect the pointleſs, edgeleſs Sword,
(An emblematic Type) by *Pembroke's* Lord.
With Arms like this ſhall GEORGE his Foes ſubdue,
For the *Curtana* hath its Laurels too.
To quell the Proud may make a Monarch ſhine;
To ſpare the Conquer'd ſhews him all Divine.]

XXXIX.

CHIEF of the Pomp, Great *Dorſet* we behold
With graceful Port ſuſtain the Regal Gold.
The ſacred Symbol all our Awe demands,
A Charge well ſuited to a *Sackville's* Hands.
That *Noble Houſe*, for ever loyal known,
Has always glory'd to ſupport the *Crown*.

Henry Cleland, K. S.

* *Spain* was divided into ſeveral Kingdoms, till *Ferdinand* V. ſurnamed the *Catholic*, who added the Kingdom of *Granada* to that of *Caſtile*, 1478. and united the whole into one Monarchy, having married *Iſabel*, Queen of *Caſtile* and *Leon*.

† The firſt Emperor of the Houſe of *Auſtria* was elected 1273, and crowned 1282.

XL.

CLAUDIT honoratum *Præſul Coventrius* agmen,
Et ſibi mandatum *Biblia* portat onus.
Quæ potior geſtet divina Oracula, quam quæ
Defendit Vindex, aſſeruitque, Manus?
Hic honor eſto tuus: Major tibi gloria, Præſul,
Quam ſi vel Sceptrum, vel Diadema geras.

Octavianus Reynolds, A. R.

[SEE mitred *Coventry* bring up the Rear,
And, in his Arms, the ſacred Bible bear.
Whoſe to that precious Load have ſuch Pretence,
As thoſe, exerted in its juſt Defence *?
Be this thy Glory: greater Glory far,
Than Sceptres, Crowns, and honorary Star.]

XLI.

SUSCIPIT in ſacrâ promiſſa GEORGIUS Æde,
Teſtaturque, uno quo minor ipſe, Deum.
Servabit fixas Libertas aurea leges,
Florebit purâ Relligione Fides.
Non minus Imperii Dominus fuit ante *Britanni*;
Jam Rex eſt populi, jam Pater ille ſui.

Hon. *Jacobus Hamilton*, Honoratiſ. Vicecomitis de *Boyn* Frater, Claſſis 4tæ.

[BEFORE the Altar GEORGE his Sceptre takes,
And Vows to Heav'n, its Great Vicegerent, makes.
Henceforth ſhall Liberty our Laws enſure,
And the true Faith Religion ſhall ſecure.

* Dr. *Edward Chandler*, then Biſhop of *Litchfield* and *Coventry*, afterwards promoted to *Durham*, who wrote a Defence of Chriſtianity againſt *Anthony Collins*, Eſq;

No

No Pow'r he gain'd by this ſpontaneous Vow,
Monarch before, his Country's Guardian now.]

XLII.

EN Inſigne, manus geſtat quod Regia! Sceptri
Innitens apici blanda Columba ſedet.
Hæc animi mitis, procul omni fraude doloque,
Innocuâ vitam ſimplicitate colit.
Hâc ave, Mens populi ſpondet præſaga futuros
Imperii placidos, & ſine Marte, dies.

Joſephus Harris, A. R.

[SEE on the Scepter borne by *Caroline*,
An Iv'ry Dove with native Luſtre ſhine:
The Dove, whoſe Innocence and Mildneſs prove
The ſure Foundation of domeſtic Love;
The Bearer's Emblem, whence we may divine
What Joys ſhall flow in her illuſtrious Line.]

XLIII.

SEE CAROLINE ſuſtain the Iv'ry Dove,
An Emblem not of Greatneſs, but of Love,
Conſcious that ſacred Vows, and Beauty's Smiles
Make Sweets of Pow'r, ſuperior to its Toils;
More proud her Monarch's Heart than Throne to ſhare:
Let the *Queen Conſort* ſtill be *Regent* there.

The Honourable *Spencer Cowper*, Brother to the Right Honourable Earl *Cowper*, of the 4th Form.

XLIV.

ACCIPIT imperii cùm ſacra inſignia *Cæſar*,
Auguſtum claudit *Præſul* utrinque latus.
Scilicet haud pleno *Majeſtas* fulget honore,
Ni ſibi conjungat *Relligionis* opem.

Sic

Sic Te, pura *Fides*, *Rex Maxime*, ſemper adornet,
Sic puram ſemper *Tu* tueare *Fidem*.

Richardus Slade, A. R.

[WHEN GEORGE the Enſigns takes of Regal Sway,
On either Side a Prelate guides his Way *.
Ev'n Majeſty itſelf is greater made
With the mild Luſtre of Religion's Aid.
So always may the Faith thy Throne ſecure;
So always, thou Great King, preſerve it pure.]

XLV.

CRUX micat in ſummâ decus immortale Coronâ,
Splendentemque ſacro ſignat honore globum.
Nec non illa apicem Sceptri regalis adornat,
Addita vexillis Angliaciſque rubet.
Hæc ab *Avis* tranſmiſſa geras, venerande GEORGI,
Semper in hoc ſigno tu quoque Victor eris.

Honoratiſ. *Jacobus* Dominus *Cranborn*, Honoratiſ. Comitis de *Saliſbury*, Filius natu maximus, Claſſis 3tiæ.

[THE golden Circle with which GEORGE is crown'd,
The ſacred Croſs adorns, and ſhining Mound;
Upon the Summit of the Sceptre beams;
And in the *Britiſh* Flag with Terror ſtreams.
Preſerve, Great King, this Pledge of Faith Divine,
And reſt ſecure of Conqueſt in this Sign.]

XLVI.

AUREA regalem decorant Calcaria pompam;
Et ſuus his uſus, ſed brevis uſus erat.

* Supporters, Dr. *William Talbot*, Lord Biſhop of *Durham*, on the Right; and Dr. *John Wynne*, Lord Biſhop of *St. Aſaph*, on the Left.

Induit

Induit hoc vanum cur *Cæſar*, ut exuat, aurum?
Ille vias ſacras itque reditque Pedes.
Non ad iter Regale opus eſt calcaribus iſtis;
Acrius & melius Gloria Calcar habet.

Gilbertus Affleck, A. R.

[TWO golden Spurs the ſplendid Pomp adorn,
Short is their Uſe, and but a Moment worn.
A needleſs Form, which ſeems but ill to ſuit
With him who treads the ſacred Path on Foot.
He wants no Spur to reach the *Britiſh* Throne,
To *Cæſar* Glory is a Spur alone.]

XLVII.

RAPTA *Caledoniis* olim, Veneranda *Cathedra*,
Haud ultrà exilii fata querare tui.
Implet te *Cæſar*, recipit cùm Sceptra, Britannus,
Et populum placido cogit utrumque jugo.
Amborum nunc jungis opes, & utríſque perenne
Imperii pignus, Palladiumque manes.

Gulielmus Forbes, A. R.

[HAIL venerable Chair, no more complain,
That thou'rt an Exile from thy native Plain;
While thee Great *Cæſar* fills, whoſe ſcepter'd Hand
Shall either Nation guide with mild Command.
The Riches of two Crowns 'tis yours t'unite,
Pledge and Palladium of each Country's Right.]

XLVIII.

REGALI exultans populus cum Conjuge Regem
Spectat, & Auguſtæ pignora clara domûs.
Te tamen, O *Frederice*, oculis animíſque requirit,
Et queritur pompam parte carere ſui.

Huc

Huc tandem advenias nunquam revocandus, & illis,
Quæ ſerò viſis regna, fruare diu.

Honoratiſſ. Dominus Vicecomes *Harcourt.*

[WHILE Crowds, intent on *George* and *Caroline*,
Eye the bright Pledges of their Royal Line,
They abſent *Fred'ric* call, to fill the Race,
And give the Triumph all its proper Grace.
" Haſte, not to leave us, but completely bleſs;
" Long to enjoy what you, though late, poſſeſs."]

XLIX.

LITTORIBUS quamvis aberas, *Frederice*, *Britannis*;
Nec Tu pars pompæ noſter *Iulus* eras,
Hic etiam Te ſacra manent inſignia; votis
Hoc tamen in Noſtris, hoc erit inque Tuis,
Læta dies videat *Britonum* Te attollere Sceptra
Regia; ſed videat non niſi ſera dies.

[THO', *Fred'ric*, diſtant from the *Britiſh* Coaſt,
Part of the Pomp was by thy Abſence loſt,
Still for thy Hand the ſacred Enſigns wait,
The young *Iulus* of our glorious State.
Some Day ſhall ſee the Royal Sceptre thine;
But our fond Hopes in this concenter'd join,
Glad be that Day, but late before it ſhine.]

L.

ET Tu, cui nuper lætum plauſere Theatra
Noſtra, nec ingenui diſplicuere ſales,
Tu quoque pars aderas magni non parvi Triumphi,
Inter honoratas, Dux *Gulielme*, Nurus.

Ut

Ut Tuus ambiguo ſplendet diſcrimine vultus,
  Dum Tibi bella latus claudit utrinque Soror!
Ad Solium quoties mirantia lumina tollens,
  Suſpicis hinc Matrem, ſuſpicis inde Patrem!
Creſce novâ laude uſque recens; & utrumque Parentem
  Ingenio, famâ, moribus, ore refer.
Siſque memor noſtri, Muſarum Fautor; & illos
  Quos *Puer* intrâſti, *Vir* tueare Lares.

Gulielmus Freind, A. R.

[AND thou, Great *William*, who of late waſt ſeen
T'approve with Smiles our youthful mimic Scene;
Though not as yet diſcharg'd from Female Sway *,
Mad'ſt no ſmall Part of this reſplendent Day.
While either Side your Royal Siſters grace,
They ſcarce diſcriminate thy doubtful Face.
As on both Thrones a pleaſing Eye you bend,
You ſee with Majeſty Affection blend.
Go on; with Piety each Parent watch,
Transfuſe their Manners, and their Virtues catch.
Of us be mindful, be the Muſes' Friend;
Thoſe whom you honour'd young, mature defend.]

LI.

DELICIUM & Caput Angliacæ, *Gulielme*, juventæ,
  Carmine Te tenui Muſa coæva canit.
Spes creſce in noſtras, & Tu, ſi juſta benignum
  Reſpiciant cœlum vota, *Glovernus* eris.
Hunc rapuit Puerum mors immatura; *Britannæ*
  Tu decus eſto Puer gentis, & eſto Senex.

Honoratiſ. Dominus *Georgius Sackville*, Nobiliſſ. Ducis de *Dorſet* Filius natu tertius, Claſſis 4tæ.

* Born 15th *April*, 1721. ſo that he was now in the fifth Year of his Age. On one Side of him walked Princeſs *Anne*, born 22d *October*, 1709. afterwards married to *William* Prince of *Orange*; on the other Side Princeſs *Amelia*, born 30th *May* 1711. O. S.

[*WILLIAM*, of *Engliſh* Youth the Joy and Praiſe,
Accept the Tribute of coeval Lays.
If Heav'n conſent to our united Vow,
You ſhall ere long another *Gloc'ſter* grow:
Fate early ſnatch'd the laſt; but may you hold
The *Britiſh* Nation's Honour young, and old.]

LII.

REGE coronato, centeno protinus ore
Ferrea bombardis vox per inane ſonat.
Gaudia continuò Thameſis per utramque feruntur
Ripam, uſque ad ſalſas, quà fluit amnis, aquas.
Accipiunt ſignum, ſocioque tonitrua plauſu
Littora tranſmittunt ad peregrina rates.
Gentibus edicit per quatuor æquora fulmen,
Imperium Oceani GEORGIUS *Anglus* habet.

Hon. *Godfridus Downey*, Honoratiſ. Vicecomitis de *Downe*, Filius natu ſextus, Claſſis 6tæ.

[THE King is crown'd! Cannons the News proclaim,
A hundred brazen Throats with vocal Flame.
On either Bank the *Thames* the Sound conveys,
With joyous Tremblings, to far diſtant Seas.
The Ships the Signals take, and ſocial Roars
The Meſſage propagate to foreign Shores.
To the four Seas th' expreſſive Thunder hurl'd,
Tells, GEORGE is Monarch of the wat'ry World.]

LIII.

SOON as the Royal Brow receives the Crown,
And Majeſty puts all its Glories on,

Strait

Strait on a thouſand Coronets we gaze,
Strait all around is one Imperial Blaze;
So the Sun ſhines not, but he darts his Rays.

The Right Honourable the Lord *Vere Bertie*, Brother to his Grace the Duke of *Ancaſter*, of the fourth Form.

LIV.

WHEN high enthron'd on his *Imperial* Seat,
Their *Sov'reign Liege* the *Britiſh Nobles* greet,
With bended Knee, and ſolemn Kiſs approve,
The two great Signs of Duty and of Love;
With due Submiſſion to the *Crown* they bow,
And own the Source from whence their *Honours* flow.
The Rivers thus of moſt exalted Names,
The *Po*, the *Rhine*, the *Danube* and the *Thames*,
To pay their Homage to the Sea haſte down,
And in the *Ocean's* Greatneſs loſe their own.

Thomas Kingſman, K. S.

LV.

ASPICE qui gremio jactata Numiſmata captas;
Argentum Effigies quàm veneranda notat!
En ſacra Majeſtas, & aperti gratia vultûs!
Quique alacri placidus ſpirat in Ore vigor.
Nempe huic *per Populos* ſtudium eſt dare jura *volentes*,
Et premere ingenuo corda animoſque jugo.
Obſequio, *Cæſar*, votiſque fruare tuorum;
Quod ſic diligeris, dulcius inde coli.

Thomas Carkeſſe, A. R.

[SEE the Spectator's Vigils overpaid
With Medals precious by their Impreſs made.

What ſacred Majeſty, what open Grace,
What pleaſing Vigour darts around the Face!
Such he, who gives his *willing People Laws*,
Attracts with Mildneſs, not with Terror awes.
Hail, happy Prince! accept thy People's Voice,
Whoſe Homage is their Duty, and their Choice.]

LVI.

DUM volitant ſubitis effuſa Numiſmata nimbis,
En! ut certatim plebs numeroſa coit.
Ut turbæ impellunt turbas, urgenſque virum vir
Captat quiſque avidâ Regia dona manu.
Nec tamen accendunt animos pretioſa metalla,
Nec populum lucri ſpes inhoneſta movet.
Nobilitat nummos impreſſus GEORGIUS illos;
His pretium Vultus dant, CAROLINA, Tui.

Honoratiſ. *Roberti Darcey* Comes *Holderneſſe*, Claſſis 3tiæ.

[WHILE the bright Coins in Silver Show'rs deſcend,
See with what Ardour num'rous Crowds contend.
Heaps preſs on Heaps, and ev'ry Sinew ſtrain,
The Royal Gift by Art or Force to gain.
Not that their Souls the precious Metal fires,
Or with diſhoneſt Thirſt of Gain inſpires:
A Price more noble's ſtampt from GEORGE's Mien,
Or from the Face of GEORGE's beauteous Queen.]

LVII.

HAIL happy *Queen!* with Duty we approve,
On Silver Stamp'd, *Thy Country and thy Love.*
Thy Country here the *Shield* and *Spear* confeſs;
Thy Love the *ſacred Book* and *Veil* expreſs.

So

So pure thy Zeal, so virtuous is its Heart,
No Pride of Empire can thy Choice divert.
Blest Queen! who hast with equal Prudence known
When to refuse *, and when accept, a Crown.

William Friend, K. S.

LVIII.

WHILE to St. *Peter's* Dome the Lords repair;
Their Robes are splendid, but their Heads are bare:
When back, their Monarch crown'd, the Train proceeds,
The Coronets adorn their radiant Heads.
Homage perform'd reflected Glory brings;
They march like Nobles, they return like Kings.

John Mostyn, K. S.

LIX.

EX Aulâ ad Templum, à Templo Rex tendit ad Aulam;
Qui priùs ornati tædiâ pæssus erat.
Impediunt ritus multi, & decora alta Parentum,
Longorumque opus grande fatigat onus.
Quàm gravis hìc honor est! quis Regnum assumeret, omnes
Afferret tales si Diadema dies?

Edmundus Thomas, Baronett.

[FROM Hall to Abbey, thence to th' Hall again;
Move, with Procession tir'd, the Royal Train.
Impeding Rites, and Loads of Pomp and Dress,
And ev'n officious Loyalty oppress.
What Toil is Honour, what a Burthen State!
A Crown's not worth it, were each Day so great.]

* Alluding to her refusing the Offer in Marriage with *Charles* King of *Spain*, who was afterwards Emperor, under the Title of *Charles* VI. Of which see Mr. *Addison's Freeholder*, N°. 21.

LX.

ANGUSTAM queritur *Rufus*, quam condidit, aulam;
Atque amplam thalamo vix satis esse suo.
Cùm tua stipatos jam vix capit Aula Britannos,
Cùm Rex ingreditur, cùm Carolina, domum:
Rufe, tuam nobis fas est renovare querelam,
Jam tua Conviviis est minor Aula suis.

Hon. *Gul. Fitzwilliams*, Honoratiss. Vicecomitis *Fitzwilliams*, de *Merrion*, Filius natu secundus, Classis 6tæ.

[WHEN *Rufus* finish'd saw his Hall, he said,
'Twas scarce sufficient for a Royal Bed.
When George, with Car'line, and their shining Train,
Enter that Roof, we may once more complain,
And in Regret with honest *Rufus* join,
The Hall's too little for the Guests to dine.]

LXI.

NE desit spatium mensis regalibus, Alma
Curia submota est, inferiorque duplex.
Scilicet hoc Placitum commune & juris & æqui est,
Felicem ut vexent jurgia nulla diem.
Felix consensus! cui si durare liceret
Ultra *Animarum ætas*, væ tibi, Causidice!

Petrus Ducasse, A. R.

[T' ADMIT the Guests, the Hall expands its Floor,
Each Court's remov'd, and ev'n the *Alma Cur**;

* *Viz.* The Courts of *Chancery*, the *King's Bench*, and the *Common Pleas*, which last stood then, as well as the other Two, within the Limits of the Hall.

For

For here both Law and Equity agree,
And Iſſue join upon one Common Plea,
That nought be this Day ſeen but Harmony.
Bleſt Concord! hold but 'till the Term's near ſpent,
'Twould turn the Lawyers *Chriſtmas* into *Lent*.]

LXII.

FINITIS ſacris, mediâ ſedet hoſpes in Aulâ
Rex Diadema gerens, inter utrumque forum;
Hinc Legum Gravitas, illinc Aſtræa renidens,
Regem Cancellis ornat amica ſuis.
Ipſe duas placidâ reſpectat fronte ſorores,
Inque vicem nutus mittit utrique pares.
Sitis, ait, noſtri decora & tutamina Sceptri,
Arbiter & Vindex en! ego veſter ero.
Dixit, &, ut firmet populo felicius omen,
Dirigit Imperium Rex ad utramque ſuum.

Chriſtopherus Rhodes, A. R.

[BETWEEN two Courts is plac'd the Royal Gueſt,
And, crown'd, partakes, and views, the ſplendid Feaſt;
Here Juſtice rules with all the Weight of Law,
There ſits *Aſtræa* with a milder Awe.
With Eye benign both Siſters he ſurveys,
On each reflecting his Majeſtic Rays.
Be you, ſays he, the Safety of my Crown;
Your Guardian Me Poſterity ſhall own.
He ſaid; and ſtrait, the Omen ſure to make,
Bade each from him their large Commiſſion take.]

LXIII.

LXIII.

QUINQUE minis ſedem ſibi vendicat Emptor in Aula,
Extructos menſis proſpicit unde cibos.
Et videt, & vidiſſe dolens convivia Divûm,
Jejuno hos edit Tantalus ore ſonos:
Fercula tot video eſuriens, tot pocula ſiccus?
Heu! quanti ſitis eſt! quàm pretioſa fames!

Septimus Robinſon, A.R.

[*CURIO*, to ſee the Godlike Heroes eat,
Gain'd, with five Guineas, in the Hall a Seat.
Hungry he views the Board with Plenty crown'd,
And, too near diſtant, mourns the Bowls go round.
Thus tantaliz'd, he cries, with Dainties curſt!
How dear is Famine! at what Price I thirſt!]

LXIV.

WHILE the fam'd Times of Chivalry remain'd,
When *Cnute*, or *Ironſide*, or *Alfred* reign'd,
Their Meals were homely, tho' their Hearts were ſtout;
Nor would the King diſdain to dine on Grout.
And ſtill the good old Diſh maintains its Place,
Still keeps its Claim the Royal Board to grace.
This juſt Reſpect the grateful Nation pays
To the plain Virtues of thoſe ancient Days;
Convinc'd, howe'er her modern Race may flout,
They owe their *Dainties* to their Fathers' *Grout*.

The Right Honourable Lord *George Sackville*, third Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*, of the fourth Form.

LXV.

A Small Beer Butler and a Knight!
Say, *Oxford* Bards, can this be right?
How can ſuch Oppoſites agree,
Such Greatneſs and Humility?
Who but an Alderman or May'r
Such Contradictories could bear?
Say, Bards, and Wits of *Oxford*, ſay,
Would one of you, on ſuch a Day,
At a King's Table taſte Small-Beer?
No!——not to be Sir *Oliver* *.

George Lewis, K. S.

LXVI.

THREE Maple Cups a Tenant of the King's,
From *Maidſtone*, to the Coronation brings.
What Court could e'er reject a Claim ſo fair?
A *Kentiſh* Manor held by *Tunbridge* Ware.

The Honourable *Charles Vane*, ſixth Son to the Right Honourable the Lord *Barnard*, of the firſt Form.

LXVII.

BARBARA *Pyramidum* ſileat miracula *Memphis*,
Niliacis Tumulis clarius extat opus.
Ædificata altam tollunt Bellaria molem,
Dignior hic Regum eſt Pyramidatus Apex.
Tale mihi detur buſtum; ſub pondere tali
Si dabitur condi, Mors mihi munus erit.

Gulielmus Vigors Burdet, Baronet.

* *Oliver Grimeway*, Mayor of *Oxford*, waited, as of Right, at the King's Table, and was knighted at *St. James's*, the 13th of *October*.

The following Original may ſerve as a Tranſlation of the former.

LXVIII.

SEE the Deſert appears with various Dyes,
Like *Ægypt's* Tombs its leſſening Pillars riſe.
In thoſe delicious Pyramids might I
Embalm'd, like ſome *Egyptian* Monarch, lye!
Nor would I grudge my Doom, ſhould Fate contrive
So ſweetly to entomb me, while alive.
Nor would my Sepulchre expenſive be;
Three Foot of Sweetmeats is enough for me.

The Honourable *John Haye*, third Son to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Kinnoul*, of the ſecond Form.

LXIX.

INGREDITUR mediam Terror Criſtatus in Aulam,
Dymochii magni Martia Progenies.
Progreditur, victor ſine cæde vel hoſte futurus,
A galeâ ad calcar totus in ære minax.
Stat; bibit; oblatum prudens non reſpuit aurum;
Regreditur, dono dives, & egreditur.
Egredere, O dono dives, longúmque valeto,
Dymochii magni Martia Progenies.

Henricus Cleland, A. R.

[TH' heroic Champion of great *Dymoch's* Race,
Now the Hall enters with tremendous Grace,
In burniſh'd Armour clad from Creſt to Toe,
A certain Victor, without Blood—or Foe.
He ſtops; he drinks; and, no leſs wiſe than ſtout,
Accepts the proffer'd Gold, and prances out.
Rich with ſuch Spoils, farewell. Long quit this Place,
Good worthy Champion of great *Dymoch's* Race.]

LXX.

LXX.

CUM cecidit Stomachique furor ventriſque tumultus,
Cúmque datur menſis pax, epuliſque quies;
Convivis, Bellator, ades, pugnamque minaris
Et cædem; ſed quis prœlia pranſus amet?
Salvus & incolumis, Saturis ea fortia dicis;
Verum O! jejunis iſta minere, cave.

Danvers Oſborn, Baronett, Claſſis 3tiæ.

[WHEN all the Fury of keen Hunger's laid,
And the due Honours to the Table paid,
Enters a Champion of heroic Might,
And loudly dares each fated Gueſt to fight.
Safe to full Bellies ſuch big Words declare,
But faſting Stomachs how you threat beware.]

LXXI.

WHEN firſt the new-crown'd King in Splendor reigns,
A golden Cup the loyal Champion gains.
With Geſture fierce his Gauntlet ſtern he throws,
And dares to mortal Fight his abſent Foes.
Where no brave *Quixot* anſw'ring to his Call,
He rides triumphant thro' the guarded Hall.
Thrice happy Conqu'ror, that the Laurel wears
Unſtain'd by Warriour's Blood and Widow's Tears!
Arm'd at all Points ſhould he a Foe behold,
Say, would he keep the Field, or quit the Gold?

Philip Young, K. S.

LXXII.

CUM Tibi ſint animi, GEORGI, cùm fida Tuorum
Pectora, terribili cur opus eſt Pugile?
Cùm Nemo obmuſſet verbum ſine vindice, ſolus
Cur bibit? et ſolus cur habet ille Scyphum?
Siquis enim hoſtiles animo meditabitur iras,
Ecce! Ego ſum, GEORGI, qui tibi creſco Pugil.

Herbertus Palmer, Baronett. Claſſis 3tiæ.

[WHAT needs a Champion to aſſert your Throne,
When ev'ry Heart, Great *Cæſar*, is your own?
Why is the Bev'rage his, and golden Spoil,
To ſanguine Laurels due, and martial Toil?
Does any meditate a real Fight?
I'll ſtart a Hero, and maintain your Right.]

LXXIII.

WITH the long Vigil of the Night oppreſs'd,
A tir'd Spectator clos'd his Eyes to Reſt;
And whilſt ſweet Slumber lock'd his Senſes faſt,
The Pomp was o'er, and the Proceſſion paſt.
Poor drowſy Wretch! by ſpiteful Fortune croſt,
Oh! what a Dream haſt thou by ſleeping loſt!

Henry Pollexfen, K. S.

LXXIV.

O *Heidegger!* thou Genius bright,
To touch the Candles into Light!
A Wonder! that was never ſeen
At *Drury-Lane*, or *Lincoln's Inn*.

Even

Even thyſelf would'ſt thou outdo?
Thy rare Invention ſtill purſue,
And to compleat it——ſnuff 'em too.

Thomas Salter, K. S.

MUSEUM S.S.B. BRITANNICUM

LXXV.

VIX ubi Regalis menſæ conviva reliquit
Fercula, plebeiâ diripienda manu;
Involat in patinas multus Graſſator, & omnes
Menſarum evertit diſpoliator opes.
Pyramidum inverſæ, dulcis confuſio, moles;
Vitraque fragminibus, pulchra ruina, jacent.
Scilicet hoc Vulgi ſibi vult impunè licere
Multaque *Libertas*, nullaque *Proprietas*.

Honoratiſ. Dominus *Johannes Sackville*, Nobiliſ. Ducis de *Dorſet* Filius natu ſecundus, Claſſis 5tæ.

[SCARCE have the Gueſts the Royal Table left
Open to Rapine, or to licens'd Theft;
Strait the rich Reliques hungry Crowds invade;
Luxurious Piles are in Confuſion laid;
The glaſſy Fragments in bright Ruin ſhine,
And Pyramids are drown'd in Floods of Wine.
For Liberty and Property, in vulgar Senſe,
Have one no Bounds, the other no Defence.]

LXXVI.

ILLÆSI Cives (præcaverat hoc quoque *Cæſar*)
Et teſtes Pompæ, participeſque ſedent.
Nulli interveniunt caſus, nullæque querelæ,
Sed fauſtam agnoſcunt omnia tuta diem.

Fauſta

Fauſta dies, ignara metûs, ignara pericli!
Nemo eſt, pœniteat quem meminiſſe Tui.

Hon. *Gulielmus Leviſon Gower*, Honoratiſ. Domini Baronis *Gower* Filius natu maximus, Claſſis 3tiæ.

[BY *Cæſar's* Caution all partake the Shew,
Without one caſual intervening Woe.
An univerſal Smile makes all ſerene:
No ſullen Cloud deforms the beauteous Scene.
This Day was ſure by Heav'n propitious ſent,
Of which no *Britiſh* Heart will e'er repent.]

LXXVII.

CINGITUR in Templo verus diademate *Cæſar*,
Nullaque funeſtat mors inopina diem:
Scena Coronatum mentitur ludicra Regem,
Obruta ſpectatrix plebe ruente perit.
Impia ſacrorum quàm diſplicet Umbra Tonanti!
Non vel Terrigenas fas ſimulare Deos.

Thomas Symmonds, A. R.

[WHILE the true *Cæſar*'s crown'd, no Glimpſe of Woe
Obſcur'd the even Splendor of the Shew.
But, when mock Scenes attempt ſuch awful State,
A cruſh'd Spactatrix met the Hand of Fate.
Great Jove aſſerts t' himſelf his ſtarry Skies,
When to ſuch Heights the Earth-born Giants riſe.]

LXXVIII.

WHEN late Great GEORGE in Regal Pomp was ſeen,
Say, if more Awful, or more Mild his Mien;

While

While their fond Zeal His Subjects there diſplay'd,
With Smiles while He their fondeſt Zeal o'erpay'd.
Tyrants, whom angry Heav'n appoints to reign,
O'er Slaves, not Subjects, ſtretch their Iron Chain.
Conſcious how weak a Pow'r like theirs muſt prove,
He founds his Empire on his People's Love.

The Rt. Hon. Lord *John Sackville*, ſecond Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*, of the 5th Form.

LXXIX.

AT the fam'd Coronation a few Months ago,
How mighty the Concourſe, how gallant the Show!
The King how majeſtick! how glorious the Queen!
All the Royal young branches how bright, how ſerene!
How gorgeous the Knights in their Collars of SS!
How loyal the Peers, and how gay the Peereſſes!
All the while the triumphant Proceſſion paſs'd by,
The People how joyful! how ſmiling the Sky!
Were all this known Abroad, they'd take Care what they did,
From *Moſcow*, I trow, quite away to *Madrid*.

Chriſtopher Rhodes, K. S.

LXXX.

TE vocat *Auguſtam*, *Britonum* Rex, *Prætor* ad urbem,
Prætor enim pompæ pars fuit ante Tuæ.
Te tecto excepit *Tremulorum* de grege frater,
Dumque offers ſolitum munus, Equeſtre decus,
Ille ait indignans, " Nonne Hoſpes ab Hoſpite tutus?
" Non genua inflectam ſurgere juſſus Eques.
" Dum mihi lux intus, dum ſpiritus hos regit artus,
" Sane Carnalis non ego *Miles* ero."

Franciſcus Bernard, A. R.

[*LONDON's* Great May'r, who ſwell'd your Royal State,
Begs You'll ſhare his, and take a City Treat.
When You, Great King, receiv'd by *Quaker* Brother *,
Strait offer Knighthood without farther Pother.
Indignant He: "Can't Friends in Friendſhip meet,
"And without Compliments each other greet?
"By Spirit mov'd, upon *my ſolemn Word*,
"I meddle not with War, or carnal Sword.
"I'll bend no Knee, good GEORGE, I tell thee flat;
"To gain thy Crown, I'd not pull off my Hat."]

LXXXI.

MOST Noble Stewards of this Court, to You
His Majeſty's poor Scholars humbly ſue.
Late at the Court of Claims we ſlipt th'Occaſion
To aſk a Dinner for the Coronation.
And beg Your Bounty would that Loſs repay,
By kindly granting us a Meal to Day,
And Your Petitioners ſhall ever pray.

George Lewis, K. S.

SOME ſay, whatever we repeat,
Shews you our Memory, not our Wit.
But Fame the ſelf ſame Thing records
Sometimes of Commoners and Lords.
Should we be blam'd then, were it true,
For doing what our Betters do?

The Right Honourable the Earl of *Holderneſs*,
of the third Form.

* The King ſaw the Lord Mayor's Shew, next following his Coronation, at *David Barclay's*, an eminent Linen Draper, (the only ſurviving Son of the *Apologiſt*) at the *Black Bear* againſt *Bow Church*, in *Cheapſide*.

A

SPEECH

IN THE

COLLEGE HALL, after Dinner,

BY THE

Honourable *JAMES NOEL*, Esq.

AT the first Opening of this Annual Festival, *Right Honourable Stewards*, having laid before you the Reasons, which discouraged us from addressing you in our own Language, we apprehend that many, who now hear us, may be surprized at our Assurance in entering upon a second Experiment, which we ourselves foresaw to be so hazardous, and so liable to Censure. We are convinced that those Reasons have lost none of their Strength; nay, 'tis rather to be feared, they will now, through my Insufficiency for so adventurous an Undertaking, appear much stronger. Nevertheless in Obedience to your repeated Commands, and that we may not any way seem wanting in our Regard to that glorious Subject, which, joined to this Day's Solemnity, has employed the rest of our Performances, we venture to renew an Attempt, which no other Occasion could render excusable. Let us then for a while be

negligent of our own Reputation: We began the Day with a learned Idiom; mellowed as it were with ſinging and feaſting, and, grown more familiar with our Superiors, let us cloſe it with *Engliſh*; and go on to pay all the Honours, we are capable of paying, to the immortal *Memory* of our *Foundreſs*, and to *His Merit*, who now fills her Throne with equal Majeſty.

We have always eſteemed it an Omen of good Succeſs to this Seminary of liberal Arts, that it was opened at a lucky Juncture, when the Reformed Religion began to take Root, and the Studies of ancient Learning were revived: And as hitherto no Days of Ignorance or Oppreſſion have interrupted it's Growth, ſo we have lately had ſuch Evidences of Favour, as may aſſure us, that it will thrive, as it was planted, under *Royal* Encouragement. It has been our Boaſt, that we derive our Original from a *Princeſs* eminently poſſeſt of all thoſe Endowments which adorn the Sceptre: And it has been from that time our Fortune to flouriſh more eſpecially, under their auſpicious Influences, who have inherited her Virtues together with her *Crowns*. Such was *Her* Glory, that it has ever ſince been thought the greateſt Encomium, that can be given to a State of public Happineſs, to ſay it repreſents the Image of *Her* Reign: And the Reſemblance of *Her* perſonal and Princely Qualities, in our preſent *Sovereign*, gives us promiſing Preſages that we may again be bleſſed with the Felicities of *Her* Times.

For if it was *Her* peculiar Character, that *She* preſided over *Her* Counſellors, and reſerved a Command over *Her* Generals; that *She* gave to Men of various Opinions and Intereſts an impartial Hearing; that *She* did not decline a Freedom of Converſation, even with ſome of a lower Rank; that by theſe means *She* gained a Knowledge, not unuſeful to a Prince, of the Tempers, Humours, and Sentiments of the People *She* governed; that *She* thus became acquainted, upon every Occaſion, with what either Favourers, or Oppoſers of the Affair under Deliberation could ſay, and, from hence forming her own Judgment, rendered her Reſolutions valuable, and her Counſels ſteady; in all theſe Inſtances of a wiſe and able Conduct, who does not perceive how eaſily the Parallel is drawn, and how happily the Example is copied in our own Days? Even we, in our low and retired Situation, cannot but hear, what many of this Honourable Aſſembly, before whom I ſpeak, have ſeen and experienced, how eaſy the Acceſs is to the *Throne*, how gracious the Reception, how favourable the Audience. Among many other regal Accompliſhments, that diſtinguiſh *His Majeſty's* Character, this Deſire of knowing them, over whom he rules, and being known by them, is none of the leaſt. For as that Heroic Ingenuity, that Openneſs and Firmneſs of Mind, in his Diſcourſes, convince all about him of the Sincerity, with which he deſigns the Good of his People, and the Reſolution with which he will purſue it: So the ſame Temper gives him the ſureſt hold of their Affection,

by not diſtruſting them. Thus does *His Majeſty* poſſeſs the Hearts of his Subjects, and at the ſame time excites them to a chearful Diſcharge of their ſeveral Duties, while they behold *His* unwearied Application to the momentous Concerns of Government; while they ſee *Him* neglecting his own Quiet to eſtabliſh public Tranquillity, quickening his Councils, and animating his Armies by his frequent Preſence.

'Tis *His Majeſty's* Happineſs and Ours, that *His* moſt excellent and beloved *Conſort*, born with a Capacity to ſhare, and with a Sweetneſs of Temper to ſooth the Cares of Empire, has the ſame Diſpoſition to Affability and Benevolence, to the rewarding of private Merit, and to the purſuing of public Good, which rendered our renowned *Foundreſs*, the Delight and Admiration of her Own, and the Envy of Foreign Nations.

It can now be only the Object of our Wiſhes, and the Employment of our ardent Prayers, that the Parallel may be extended ſtill farther; and that *Their Majeſties* may equal that glorious *Queen* in the Length and Proſperity of her Reign. But *They* have in one Bleſſing of Providence a great Advantage beyond *Her*. For *She* indeed laid the Foundation of Happineſs to this *Church* and *State*; but, as the Hiſtorian obſerves of thoſe maſculine and martial Spirits, who were beginning to found the *Roman* Empire, that the Proſpect of this Glory was, as yet, confined

to

to one Generation; ſo may we ſay of our Virgin Queen, it gave her many anxious Thoughts that ſhe could not ſecure an Eſtabliſhment to what ſhe had begun: Whereas *Their Majeſties* have a moſt reaſonable Hope, that they ſhall leave the Inheritance of their Fame, and Dominions to a numerous and well inſtructed Progeny.

Upon this View old Patriots are dying in Peace: Upon this View Parents are congratulating their Children. But while they are employing their Thoughts on this pleaſing Proſpect of future Felicities, we are reflecting upon thoſe we have already enjoyed. 'Tis our peculiar good Fortune, that we have had a Foretaſte of thoſe Bleſſings, which others are promiſing to themſelves from this *Illuſtrious Race*. The great and unexpected Honour we have had of a Viſit from *His Royal Highneſs the Duke*, has made ſuch Impreſſions upon our Minds that we ſhall ever remember it with Pleaſure, and acknowledge it with Gratitude. With what Applauſe did we receive within our Walls the ſecond Hope of *Britain*? How did our younger Striplings exert themſelves, how did their little Hearts tremble with Fear, Joy, and Emulation? With what Sollicitude and Zeal were we all concerned for their Succeſs, while they were entertaining the *Royal Gueſt*? How were we ourſelves entertained in obſerving the ſteady Attention, the lively Spirit, the quick Apprehenſion of ſo young a *Prince*? With what a Senſe of Satisfaction were we affected when we ſaw him ſmile?

While

While *His Highneſs* was before our Eyes, to Him alone were all our Thoughts pointed. But we have ſince with Hearts full of Duty reflected on the exceeding Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion of a moſt diſcerning and gracious *Queen*, who was pleaſed to confer ſo early, ſo ſignal, and perhaps ſo ſingular a Favour upon a place of liberal Education.

We eaſily conceive that *Her Majeſty's* extenſive Reading may have throughly informed Her, how great a Share the *Inſtitution of Youth* had in the Eſtabliſhment of all wiſe Governments; in the Laws of the moſt famous Legiſlators; and in all the beſt Writers of Politics. We doubt not but her Knowledge of the World, as well as Books, may have ſatisfied Her, of what Importance it is to the State, that the Rudiments of Literature, the Principles of Virtue, Honour, and Religion be infuſed into tender Minds; and fortified with the brighteſt Examples and Characters that have been tranſmitted to Poſterity: Nor can it be thought but one of *Her* quick Penetration muſt have obſerved, how often the Want of ſuch early Advantages appears, even in thoſe of the greateſt natural Capacities.

Upon theſe Conſiderations, we are not ſurprized that *Her Majeſty's* public Spirit, and Regard to Letters, ſhould move Her to countenance and encourage the Nurſeries of Arts and Sciences. But whence is this Mark of Diſtinction to us? We are not ſo vain, We are not ſo born, nor ſo educated, as to imagine this can ariſe from any Figure, or Name, that we

can

can have among the Knowing Part of the World: Nor yet, when we look up to You, our *Honourable Patrons*, can we be any longer at a Loſs, to account for the Original of the Honour that has been done us. We are of ourſelves an obſcure Body, and if we are in any Degree conſpicuous, it can only be by Reflection from You.

You ſurround the Throne, You diſtinguiſh yourſelves in every Station, every learned Profeſſion, every polite Character of Life. No Wonder then if *Their Majeſties*, ſo much concerned to look forward, earneſtly wiſh, that a Succeſſion of Men, like You, may grow up, for the Service of their *Royal Offspring*.

If from us therefore any ſlender Hopes of this kind are conceived, to You we owe them: And to You, if they are not diſappointed, muſt we owe their Progreſs, and Perfection. For when we behold, *Right Honourable Stewards*, this Auguſt Auditory, by Your Call and Encouragement here aſſembled, from the Cabinet, from the Senate, from the Church, from the Bench, from the Bar, from the Court, from the Camp, to grace with their Preſence and Attention our humble Amuſements: 'Tis this that inſpires us with an Ambition of following your Steps, and purſuing the Path that leads to Honour and Reputation. This one Day of Intermiſſion, and Vacation from our common Buſineſs, carries more Improvement with it, than the Labours and Studies of many.

And

And if there be, in our Society, any Genius, any Spirit, any Deſire of excelling, it muſt be kindled and inflamed by this Appearance of ſo many Lights and Ornaments of the Commonwealth, that roſe to this Height from our low Degree, from the ſame Place, and the ſame Exerciſes, in which we are now trained up, and diſciplined.

You have now given us Courage to ſtruggle with the little Hardſhips and Difficulties that are in our way, by opening to us the delightful Scene that lies beyond them: And we are eaſy in our preſent *Stations*, ſince from hence we have a Proſpect of being hereafter in *Yours*.

ACTA est VESPERE

TERENTII PHORMIO.

PROLOGUS.

AUdistis, Festam ornavit quo carmine lucem,
Quam variis cecinit nostra juventa modis:
Vos etiam ardorem hunc studiis fovistis amicis,
Addidit & vires gratia vestra novas.
Quicquid festivum restat, quodcunque venustum,
Id quoque jam Vobis Comica Musa parat.
Ad lepidas pransos vocat *Afri Phormio* scenas,
Ad *Latii* puros ingenuosque sales:
Phormio non legum metuens, metuensve minarum,
Improbus, & notâ calliditate vafer;
Causarum inventor facilis, simulare peritus,
Et geminos unâ vincere fraude senes.
Ille Ego, si placeat, sum *Phormio* Vester; & atram,
Quò melius possim fallere, pono Togam.
Si ridere juvet, lætasque expandere frontes,
Expediam causas materiemque jocis.
Indulgete duas nobis, non amplius, horas,
Utraque mox plausus si ferat hora suos:
Ludi hoc solennes, hodiernaque Festa requirunt,
Sic hilarem debet condere Musa Diem.

Translation of the foregoing.

YOU'VE seen, with honeſt Zeal, our youthful Lay,
In tuneful Meaſures grace this ſolemn Day;
While with your Breath you fann'd the riſing Fire,
And we rehears'd but what yourſelves inſpire.
And now, whatever feſtive Sport remains,
The jocund Muſe prepares in comic Strains.
Your Taſte, when din'd, arch *Phormio* may hit,
With *Roman* Elegance and *Attic* Wit.
A Wag, who finds Pretexts for ev'ry Cauſe,
Who mocks the feeble Threats of cobweb Laws,
Takes in two old ones with a ſingle Cheat:
Scarce yonder Hall can boaſt a greater Feat!
That Man am I, an arrant Plotter grown,
Who, better to deceive, have dropt my Gown.
With willing Minds attend our artful Scene:
And we'll defy the Pow'rs of Sleep or Spleen.
Grant us your Patience for two Hours Repaſt,
If each ſhall bring deſerv'd Applauſe at laſt.
The Circle make of this Day's Sun complete,
Which, as it roſe with Joy, with Mirth ſhould ſet.

The EPILOGUE.

'TWAS late the Mode, if Fame reported right,
To crown Queen *Anna Bullen* ev'ry Night:
With Tragic *Otway*, or with Comic *Ben*,
The Farce of Coronation clos'd the Scene:
Where Pleaſure from inverted Nature ſprings,
From Courts of Coblers, and from Mobs of Kings.
In mimic Pomp, in mere Burleſque of State,
The little Actors ape the real Great:
With Candle-Snuffers fill their Lordly Train;
And rake for Peereſſes——their *Drury-Lane*.
Orders to march the Gay Black-guard receives
From Heralds wanting Coats, as well as Sleeves:
With ſolemn Frown ſham Judges Scarlet wear,
Falſe Knights and real Trumpeters are there.
Large *Briſtol* Diamonds cheat the careleſs Eye,
And Tinſel Glory decks Mock-Majeſty.
With inſtantaneous Light the Branches ſhine,
By Art, *Helvetian* Count, as quick as Thine.
Old *Rufus'* Hall appears, and then of Courſe
Comes the great Champion, and the greater Horſe.
Not ſuch To-night your Entertainment here,
Your Mirth is manly, your Delight ſevere;
Since if Delight from our Performance riſe,
You owe it to your Ears, and not your Eyes;
To weighty Senſe, that will all Teſts endure,
To well drawn Humour, and to Language pure.
And now if this our Annual Labour draws
From ſuch an Audience the deſir'd Applauſe;
If You accept what from our Duty flows,
The various Off'rings of our Verſe and Proſe;
Proud of Succeſs with Triumph ſhall we ſay,
This Year is ours, and we have liv'd to Day.

This Meeting was begun in the Year 1726-7. By

His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE,
The Right Honourable the Earl of OXFORD,
The Right Honourable the Lord FINCH,
The Right Honourable HENRY PELHAM, *Esq.*
The Right Honourable WILLIAM PULTENEY, *Esq.*
Dr. JOHN FREIND:

And continued in the Year 1727-8. By

His Grace the Duke of DORSET,
The Right Honourable the Earl of PETERBOROUGH,
The Honourable GEORGE BERKLEY, *Esq.*
The Honourable JOHN FINCH, *Esq.*
WILLIAM BROMLEY, *Esq.*
DANIEL PULTENEY, *Esq.*

Who chose

His Grace the Duke of NEWCASTLE,
The Right Honourable the Earl of AYLESFORD,
The Right Honourable the Lord HARVEY,
THOMAS WINNINGTON, *Esq.*
EDWARD HARLEY, *Esq.*
FRANCIS WHITWORTH, *Esq.*

Their Successors for the ensuing Year.

THE

THE CEREMONIAL OF THE CORONATION

Of their late MAJESTIES King *GEORGE* II. AND Queen *CAROLINE*.

A Coronation Proceſſion is a Solemnity not known in *Europe*, till long after the Times of Chriſtianity. The *Romans*, who abhorred the Title of King, admitted no other Crown for their Emperors but ſuch as was the Ornament of a Conqueror or Generaliſſimo, and which was ordinarily placed on their Heads by the *Prætorian* Guard, or by the preceding Emperor in deſigning a Succeſſor [*a*]. Taking the Purple was the Mark of Empire, till the Time of *Aurelian*; and when afterwards the Diadem, or Fillet, came to be ſo, both were aſſumed at the Commencement of a Reign, and, conſequently, did not admit of that Ceremony, which After-times introduced, when a Diſtinction was made beween being poſſeſſed of a Throne, and inaugurated into it. *Conſtantine* is ſaid to be the firſt who laid aſide the Laurel, and wore only the Diadem of Gold and precious Stones; which being ſometimes worn over the Helmet, and drawn upwards croſs the Head from Ear to Ear, gave Occaſion, probably, to to the Form of the arched Imperial Crown, which, with Eccleſiaſtical Ceremony, was placed on the Head of *Juſtin the Younger*, in the *Eaſt*, A. D. 565. and of *Charles the Great*, in the *Weſt*, A. D. 801. *Pepin*, the Father of *Charles the Great*, was the firſt *anointed* Sovereign in *Europe*, who, to give a Sanction to a bad Title, went through that Ceremony twice; once by the Hands of St. *Boniface*, an *Engliſhman* born, and called *The Apoſtle of Germany*; afterwards by the Hands of Pope *Sylveſter* III. about A. D. 752. [*b*]. The Mound and Croſs were placed in the Left Hand, either under *Conſtantine*, or under *Juſtinian*, in the *Eaſt*, about A. D. 527. and came into Uſe in the *Weſtern* Empire, under the Emperor *Henry* II. A. D. 1013. [*c*].

But though Heathen *Rome* ſet no Pattern for a Modern *Coronation*, we have borrowed from it the Form of a PROCESSION, and copied the Magnificence uſed by the Conſuls, who were attended by the Emperor, on the firſt of *January*, to the Senate [*d*]; which was performed with much greater Solemnity, when the Emperor himſelf

[*a*] See *Selden, Titles of Honour*, Part I. c. viii. p. 259, 60. ed. 1726.
[*b*] *Voltaire's Hiſt.* Vol. I. c. vi. [*c*] *Selden, Titles of Honour*, p. 238.
[*d*] Valeſius, on Amm. Marcellin. xxii. 7.

preceded Conſul. Of this, Antiquity has preſerved to us two Memorials, and only two, on Coins, one of *Conſtantine the Great*, the other of *Maxentius*; on the latter of which the Emperor is repreſented in a triumphal Chariot, drawn by Four Elephants, with the Legend FELIX PROCESSUS CONSULARIS [*a*] AVGUSTI NOSTRI.

Though it is ſtill the greateſt Ceremony *Great Britain* can boaſt of; yet, with ſome Regret, the People obſerve, that later Times have abated of that Splendour, with which it was formerly attended, when Kings and Queens made their Proceſſion on Horſeback, from the *Tower* to the *Royal Palace*; as was the Cuſtom at leaſt from *Richard* II. to *Charles* II. whoſe Proceſſion from the *Tower* took up one Day, and his Coronation the next [*b*]; the Ceremonial of which was printed by *Elias Aſhmole*, Eſq. *Windſor* Herald: But, as there was no Queen to grace it, another Ceremonial was printed, in the next Reign, by *Francis Sandford*, Eſq. *Lancaſter* Herald; which has been followed, with very little Alteration, by the ſucceeding Kings.

THEIR late Majeſties King GEORGE II. and his Royal Conſort, being privately carried in Sedans, croſs the Park, from their Palace of *St. James's* to *Weſtminſter*, before Nine of the Clock, his Majeſty retired into an Apartment near the *Court of Wards*, and her Majeſty with the Three Princeſſes into the *Black Rod's* Room, where they continued until the Officers of Arms, having called over the Peers and Peereſſes in the *Houſe of Lords* and *Painted Chamber*, and marſhaled them according to their reſpective Claſſes, Four a-breaſt, (except the Judges) the youngeſt on the Right Hand, drew them out in Order into the *Court of Requeſts*; from whence they were conducted into *Weſtminſter Hall*, down the great Stone Stairs; the Lord High Steward, with his White Staff, which was delivered to him the Evening before, coming laſt, immediately before the KING, whoſe Train was borne by Four Earls eldeſt Sons, aſſiſted by the Maſter of the Robes; after which followed a Captain of the Horſe Guards in Waiting, a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, and Two Grooms of the Bed-chamber.

At the ſame Time that the King entered the Hall, her Majeſty, attended by her Lord Chamberlain, and other Officers and Ladies, came out of the *Court of Wards*, by a Private Door, at the South-Weſt Corner of the Hall; and repairing to her Chair of State, under her Canopy, at the upper End of the Hall, ſtood before it,

[*a*] See *Nouis, De Numiſm. Imp. Dioclet. &c.* Diſſ. I. c. v. and *Spanheim, De præſ. Num.* Diſſ. XII. p. 437. ed fol.

[*b*] Of the latter, beſides the Ceremonial, ſee Bp. *Kennet's Regiſt. & Chron.* p. 411. and *Life of Lord Clarendon*, p. 187. Of the former, ſee *Forma Coronationis* under *Richard* II. from a Mſ. in the *Cotton* Library, (now in the *Muſeum*) publiſhed by *Prynne*, in his ſecond Part of *Signal Loyalty of God's true Saints*, where the Reader will ſee moſt of the Cuſtoms ſtill retained, and ſome more wiſely retrenched.

till his Majeſty was ſeated in his Chair of State, at the upper End of the Hall, on the Right Hand of the Queen.

The Dean and Prebendaries of *Weſtminſter*, veſted in Surplices and rich Copes, and preceded by the Gentlemen of the King's Chapel and Choir of *Weſtminſter*, brought the Bible and Regalia [but forgot to bring the Chalice and Paten] to the lower End of the Hall, and there ſtood till the Four Swords, *viz.* the Sword of State, the Curtana, and the Two pointed Swords, and the Golden Spurs, were preſented, firſt by the Maſter of the Jewel Office to the Lord High-Conſtable, and by him to the Lord High-Chamberlain, who laid them on the Table before the King.

Then the King's Regalia, *viz. St. Edward's* Crown, on a Cuſhion of Cloth of Gold, borne by the Dean of *Weſtminſter*; the Orb with the Croſs, the Scepter with the Dove, the Scepter with the Croſs, and *St. Edward's* Staff, by the Prebendaries: Next the Queen's Regalia, *viz.* the Crown on a Cuſhion of Cloth of Gold, the Scepter with the Croſs, and the Ivory Rod with the Dove, were all brought forward, and preſented ſeverally, firſt to the Lord High-Conſtable, who delivered them to the Lord Great-Chamberlain, by whom they were laid on the Table before the King and Queen reſpectively.

The Dean and Prebendaries being returned in Order to the lower End of the Hall, the ſeveral Noblemen, who were before appointed by the King, were ſummoned to carry the Regalia, which were delivered to each by the Lord Great-Chamberlain.

Then the Biſhop of *Durham* and the Biſhop of *Bath and Wells*, Dr. *William Talbot* and Dr. *John Wynne*, were ſummoned up to ſupport the King, according to ancient Uſage; and the Biſhops of *London* and *Wincheſter*, Dr. *Edmund Gibſon* and Dr. *Richard Willis*, by his Majeſty's ſpecial Appointment, to ſupport the Queen.

The Thirty-two Barons of the *Cinque Ports*, by ancient Right, ſtood with the Canopies at the upper End of the Table, at the Weſt End of the Hall; and, as the Proceſſion advanced, Sixteen of them received the Queen, at the Foot of the Great Stone Steps, under her Canopy, ſupported by Six Staves, Three Barons to Two of the Corner Staves, Two to the other Corner, and Two to each of the Middle Staves: And the other Sixteen received the King, in like Manner, under his Canopy [*a*].

About Twelve of the Clock the Proceſſion began from the Hall upon a Way raiſed for that Purpoſe, floored with Boards from the Throne in the Hall to the Great Steps in the Abbey; in the following Manner.

[*a*] When the Queen Conſort is Queen Regent likewiſe, the King and Queen proceed under one and the ſame Canopy. The Barons have, for their Fee, the Staves and the Palls, and dine in the Hall, on the King's Right Hand.

THE

THE King's Herb-Woman, with her Maid Servants, ſtrewing ſweet Herbs, *&c.*

The Dean's Beadle of *Weſtminſter*, with his Staff; and the High Conſtable of *Weſtminſter*, with his Staff; in a Scarlet Cloak.

1. A Fife. 2. Four Drums. 3. Drum Major. 4. Eight Trumpets. 5. A Kettle-Drum. 6. Eight Trumpets. 7. The Serjeant Trumpet.

The Six Clerks in Chancery [only Four preſent] in Gowns of black flowered Sattin, with black Silk Loops and Tufts upon the Sleeves.

The Cloſet-Keeper of the Chapel Royal.

King's Chaplains, having Dignities, in Number Sixteen, Four a-breaſt.

Sheriffs of *London*.

Aldermen of *London* below the Chair, in their Scarlet Gowns.

The Recorder of *London*, ſingle.

The Aldermen above the Chair, wearing their Gold Chains; Sir *Edward Becher*, as Lord Mayor Elect.

Maſters in Chancery, in rich Gowns.

The King's younger Serjeants at Law, in Scarlet Gowns, their Caps in their Hands.

The King's Solicitor-General, The King's Attorney-General.

The King's Primier Serjeant at Law.

Twenty Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber.

Barons of the Exchequer, and Juſtices of both Benches, in their Judges Robes of Scarlet, with their Caps in their Hands, *&c.* the Juniors firſt, Two a-breaſt.

Chief Baron of the Exchequer: Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas; in Scarlet Robes, with their Collars of *SS.* of Gold.

Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench, in a Scarlet Robe, with his Collar of *SS.* of Gold, proceeding alone [*a*].

Children of the Choir of *Weſtminſter*, in Surplices, Four a-breaſt.

Serjeant Porter. Serjeant of the Veſtry.

Children of the Chapel Royal, in Surplices, with Scarlet Mantles over them.

Choir of *Weſtminſter*, in Surplices, with their Muſick Books.

The Organ-Blower, in a ſhort red Coat, with a Badge on his left Breaſt, *viz.* a Nightingale, ſilver gilt, perched on a Twig.

The Groom of the Veſtry.

[A Sackbut. A double Courtal. A Sackbut.]

[*a*] The preſent Lord Chief Juſtice, *Manſfield*, will walk as Peer, not as Lord Chief Juſtice.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen of the King's Chapel, in Scarlet Mantles, Four a-breaſt.

Sub-Dean of the King's Chapel, in a Scarlet Gown turn'd up with black Velvet.

Prebendaries of *Weſtminſter*, in Surplices and rich Copes, with their Caps in their Hands.

Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, Dr. *Samuel Bradford*, as Dean of *Weſtminſter*, in a Surplice, and over it a rich Cope.

The Maſter of the Jewel-Houſe, in a Scarlet Robe, having one of his Officers on the Side of him.

Bath King of Arms, in the Habit of that Office, carrying his Coronet in his Hand.

The Knights of the *Bath*, under the Degree of Peers of *Great Britain*, in their Habits and Collars, carrying their Hats with Feathers in their Hands, Two and Two acording to their Stalls; among whom, by Order, walk'd the D. of *Cumberland*.

Blanch-Lion, Purſuivant.

Privy-Counſellors, not Peers; of which Number was the Maſter of the Rolls, Sir *Joſeph Jekyll*.

Knight of the *Garter*, Sir *Robert Walpole*, in the full Habit and Collar of that Moſt Noble Order, carrying the Cap with the Plume of Feathers in his Hand.

His Majeſty's Vice-Chamberlain.

Comptroller of the Houſhold. Treaſurer of the Houſhold.

Rouge-Croix, and *Rouge-Dragon*, Purſuivants.

Baroneſſes.

Barons.

In their Robes of Eſtate, with their Coronets in their Hands, Four a-breaſt; in which Manner all the other Peers and Peereſſes walked.

Bluemantle, and *Portcullis*, Purſuivants.

Biſhops, in their Rochets, with their ſquare Caps in their Hands, Four a-breaſt, according to the Seniority of their Conſecrations, except thoſe who are in Attendance, as Supporters of their Majeſties.

Arundel Herald, in his Coat and Collar of *SS.* and *Blanch-Courſier* Herald to Prince *William*, in his Coat, with his Collar of *SS.* Gold Chain, and Badge.

Viſcounteſſes.

Viſcounts.

Brunſwick Herald, in his Coat, Collar, Gold Chain, and Badge; and *Lancaſter*, with his Coat and Collar.

Counteſſes.

Earls.

Windsor and *York* Heralds, in their Coats and Collars.

The Marquess of *Tweedale*.

Richmond and *Chester* Heralds, habited as before.

Duchesses.

Dukes.

Duke of *Grafton*, Lord Chamberlain of the Houshold, alone.

Ulster, *Clarenceux*, *Norroy* Kings of Arms, with their Coats, Collars and Badges, and their Coronets in their Hands.

The Lord Privy-Seal, Lord *Trevor*.

The Lord Archbishop of *York*, Dr. *Launcelot Blackburn*.

The Lord High Chancellor, Lord *King*, bearing the Purse.

[The Lord ABp. of *Canterbury*, Dr. *William Wake*, excused walking, on Account of his Infirmity, and extraordinary Duty in the Abbey.]

Two Persons who represented the Dukes of *Aquitain* and *Normandy*, in Crimson Velvet Mantles lin'd with white Sarcenet, and fac'd with Meniver, powder'd with Ermine, each of them his Hat in his Hand, of Cloth of Gold furr'd and powder'd with Ermine.

The Queen's Vice Chamberlain.

Two Gentlemen Ushers.

Ivory Rod with the Dove, borne by the Earl of *Northampton*.

The Queen's Lord Chamberlain, E. of *Granham*.

Sceptre with the Cross, borne by the Duke of *Rutland*.

Two Serjeants at Arms.

The Queen's Crown, borne by the Duke of *St. Albans*.

Two Serjeants at Arms.

Dr. *Richard Willis*, Bishop of *Winchester*, supporting her Majesty on the Left.

The QUEEN, in her Royal Robes of Purple Velvet, richly furr'd with Ermine, having a Circle of Gold set with large Jewels upon her Head; going under a Canopy borne by the Barons of the *Cinque Ports*; Forty Gentlemen-Pensioners going on the Outsides of the Canopy, and Serjeants of Arms attending.

Dr. *Edmund Gibson*, Bishop of *London*, supporting her Majesty on the Right.

Her Majesty's Train supported by the Princess Royal, and the Princesses *Amelia* and *Carolina*, in Purple Robes of State, with Circles on their Heads; assisted by the Lady *Frances Nassau*, Lady *Mary Capel*, Lady *Rebecca Herbert*, Lady *Anne Hastings*.

The Coronets of the Princesses, borne by the Lord *Caernarvon*, Lord *Duplin*, and Lord *Lewisham*.

Duchess of *Dorset*, Lady of her Majesty's Bed-chamber.

Countess of *Sussex*, First Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Princesses

Two of her Majesty's Women, Mrs. *Herbert*, Mrs. *Howard*.

The

The *Regalia* of his Majesty.

St. *Edward's* Staff, borne by the Duke of *Kent*.

The Golden Spurs, borne by the Duke of *Manchester*, for the Earl of *Sussex*.

The Scepter with the Cross, born, by the Duke of *Montague*.

The Third Sword by the Earl of *Crawfurd*.

Curtana, by the Earl of *Pembroke*, there being no Duke of *Lancaster*, to whom, of Right, it would belong.

The Second Sword, by the Earl of *Lincoln*.

Lord Mayor of *London*.

Lion King of Arms of *Scotland*.

Garter Principal King of Arms.

Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

The Lord Great Chamberlain of *England*, Duke of *Ancaster*, with his Coronet and White Staff in his Hand.

The Earl of *Sussex*, acting as Earl Marshal of *England*, in his Robes of Estate, with his Coronet and Marshal's Staff in his Hand.

The Sword of State, in the Scabbard, borne by the Earl of *Huntingdon*.

The Lord High Constable of *England*, the Duke of *Richmond*, in his Robes of Estate, with his Staff and Coronet in his Hand.

Deputy to the High Constable of *Scotland*, Duke of *Roxburgh*.

The Scepter with the Dove, borne by the Duke of *Argyle*.

St. *Edward's* Crown, by the Duke of *Dorset*, Lord High Steward.*

The Orb, borne by the Duke of *Somerset*.

The Bible, by Dr. *Edward Chandler*, Bishop of *Coventry*.

The Canopy of Cloth of Gold was borne over his Majesty by the Barons of the *Cinque Ports*, and on each Side of the Canopy attended Gentlemen Pensioners, and the Serjeants of Arms before them.

The

* A Gentleman going upon one Side of the Rank, carrying the Staff of the Lord High Steward.

Supporter, Dr. *John Wynne*, Lord Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*, on the Left.

The KING, in his Royal Robes of Crimſon Velvet, furr'd with Ermine, and border'd with Gold Lace, wearing on his Head a Cap of Eſtate of Crimſon Velvet, adorn'd with large Jewels, turn'd up with Ermine.

Supporter, Dr. *William Talbot*, Lord Biſhop of *Durham*, on the Right.

His Majeſty's Train borne by Four Noblemens eldeſt Sons, *viz.* the Lord *Hermitage*, Lord *Brudenell*, Lord *Cornbury*, Lord *Euſton*, and, at the End of it, the Maſter of the Robes.

The Standard-Bearer to the Band of Gentlemen Penſioners.

The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Earl of *Leiceſter*, in his Robe of Eſtate, and Coronet.

The Captain of his Majeſty's Horſe-Guard, in waiting, Lord *Herbert*.

The Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Penſioners, the Marquiſs of *Hartington*.

The Lieutenant of the Band of Gentlemen Penſioners.

Gentlemen of his Majeſty's Bed-chamber.

Earl of *Eſſex*, Lord of his Majeſty's Bed-chamber.

Two Grooms of the Bed-chamber.

Enſign of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard.

The Corporals or Exempts.

The Yeomen of the Guard, with Partizans on their Shoulders.

The Corporals or Exempts.

The Clerk of the Cheque to the Yeomen of the Guard.

Note, *That the Peers, being Knights of the* Garter, *of the* Thiſtle, *and of the* Bath, *wore the Collars of their reſpective Orders.*

Their Majeſties, upon their Entrance into the Church, were received by the Prebendaries and Choir ſinging an Anthem. As the Queen entered the Choir, the Forty King's Scholars of *Weſtminſter* School, in their Surplices, ſtanding in a Gallery adjoining to the great Organ Loft, ſung, VIVAT REGINA CAROLINA, till the King entered the Choir, whom they entertained, in like Manner, with VIVAT GEORGIUS REX, till he aſcended the Theatre.

Their Majeſties being ſeated, the Archbiſhop audibly *recognized* the King's Title Four Times, *viz.* at the Eaſt Side of the Theatre, at the South Side, the Weſt Side, and North Side, the King ſtanding, and turning his Face to the ſeveral Sides of the Theatre, as the Archbiſhop at each of them ſpoke to the People. At the laſt Recognition, the Trumpets ſounded, the Drums beat, which was followed by an Anthem; at the End of which, the King, being in the intermediate Time returned to his Chair on the Eaſt Side of the Theatre below the Throne, roſe up from it, and going to the Steps of the Altar, on his Knees made an Offering of a Pall of Cloth of Gold, and of an Ingot of Gold of Twelve Ounces *Troy*, delivered to him by the Lord Great Chamberlain, which the Archbiſhop received and laid on the Altar. He then retired to his Chair; and the Queen, in the ſame Manner, offered a like Pall, and retired to her Chair. The Lords, who bore their Majeſty's Regalia, preſented them ſeverally to the Archbiſhop, who laid them on the Altar.

The Litany being then read by Dr. *Joſeph Wilcox* Biſhop of *Glouceſter*, and Dr. *William Bradford* Biſhop of *Briſtol*, ſome Prayers by the Archbiſhop, and a Sermon preached by Dr. *John Potter* Biſhop of *Oxford*, his Majeſty took the uſual Coronation Oath. Then, ſitting in St. *Edward's* Chair before the Altar, and being anointed by the Archbiſhop on the Head, Breaſt, and Palms of his Hands [*a*]; and afterwards *inveſted* by the Dean of *Weſtminſter* with the cloſe and open Palls of Eſtate, the Sword, the Spurs, and other Imperial Enſigns, the Crown being ſet on his Head by the Archbiſhop: At which Inſtant the Trumpets ſounded, the Drums beat, and, upon a Signal given, the Guns in the Park and the Tower were fired, and the People with repeated Acclamations cried GOD SAVE THE KING. An Anthem was ſung, during which the King re-deliyered to the Dean of *Weſtminſter* the Orb,

[*a*] In ſome Ordinals, the King was anointed in Three Places, in ſome Five, in others Seven; each, it ſeems, emblematic of ſome Chriſtian Virtue. Inſomuch that it is a Mercy he was not anointed all over; for he was ſtript to his Shirt, *exuit eum, præter camiſiam, veſtimentis ſuis.* To ſuch a Degree had Superſtition got, that the Piece of fine Linen, with which the Oil was wiped off, was to be religiouſly burnt; and his Head was to be covered with a thin ſmall Cap, which was to be worn for Eight Days, when the Abbot of *Weſtminſter* was to take it off, and waſh the Part. No Wonder then, in a ſubſequent Reign, when the King touched for the Evil, a Diſpute aroſe, Whether the Power of healing was inherent in him before the Unction, or after it.

who

who laid it on the Altar; and his Majeſty going to the Altar preſented his Sword, which was redeemed by a Nobleman for an Hundred Shillings, who drawing it from the Scabbard, bore it naked before him, during the reſt of the Solemnity.

The Anthem being ended, the Peers put on their Coronets, the Biſhops their Caps, the repreſenting Dukes of *Aquitain* and *Normandy* their Hats, the Knights of the *Garter*, and thoſe of the *Bath*, their Caps with Plumes of Feathers, and the Kings of Arms their Coronets.

The King was then *inveſted* with the Ring on his Fourth Finger; and being preſented, by the Lord of the Manor of *Workſop*, in *Nottinghamſhire*, with a rich Glove, he put it on his Right Hand, and then received into it the Scepter with the Croſs, and the Scepter with the Dove in his Left Hand.

Then going to the Altar, kneeling, he put off his Crown, and delivering the Two Sceptres to Two Nobles, he made his Second Oblation of a Mark Weight of Gold. Re-aſſuming the Crown and the Two Scepters, and being again ſeated in St. *Edward's* Chair, he vouchſafed to kiſs the Archbiſhops and Biſhops aſſiſting at his Coronation, as they kneeled before him.

Then *Te Deum* being ſung, the King was lifted into his Throne by the Archbiſhops and Biſhops, and the other Peers, where all of them did their Homage to him; during which Time, Medals of Gold were given to the Peers and Peereſſes, and Medals of Silver thrown among the Populace; which latter was alſo done in the Return of the Proceſſion to *Weſtminſter Hall*.

The King's Part of the Coronation concluding with an Anthem, the Queen, ſupported by the Biſhops of *London* and *Wincheſter*, Dr. *Edmund Gibſon* and Dr. *Richard Willis*, went to the Steps of the Altar, where ſhe knelt while a Prayer was ſaid by the Archbiſhop. Then, riſing, ſhe went to the Fald-ſtool, between St. *Edward's* Chair and the Steps of the Altar, where the Groom of the Stole, with Two Ladies of the Bed-chamber, took off her Coronet, and the Archbiſhop poured the holy Oil on her Head, and on her Breaſt, in the Form of a Croſs; and put the Ring on her Fourth Finger. Then, taking the Crown from the Altar, placed it reverently on her Head: Whereupon the Three Princeſſes and the Peereſſes put on their Coronets; and her Majeſty, having received the Scepter with the Croſs and the Rod with the Ivory Dove, was conducted to her Throne.

Their Majeſties having received the Holy Communion, and the Service being ended, the King paſſed through the Door on the South Side of the ſaid High Altar, into St. *Edward's* Chapel, and came before the Altar, at the Shrine of St. *Edward*, where the Regalia, *viz.* St. *Edward's* Staff, the Spurs, and Orb, were delivered to the Dean of *Weſtminſter*, who laid them on the ſaid Altar,

as

as the Archbishop did before at the Altar in the Abbey; the Organs playing all the while.

The Queen, at the same Time, passed by the High Altar, thro' the Door on the North Side thereof, into St. *Edward's* Chapel, with her Regalia.

Then both their Majesties delivered their Scepters and Crowns to the Archbishop, who laid them on the Altar.

His Majesty being divested of St. *Edward's* Robes, by the Lord Great Chamberlain, (who afterwards new arrayed him in his Royal Robes of Purple Velvet) came, with the Queen, before the Altar of St. *Edward*, where the Archbishop (being still revested as before) put Two other Imperial Crowns on their Majesties Heads, with Caps of Purple Velvet, *viz.* the Crown of Estate upon the King's Head, and an exceeding rich Crown upon the Queen's, which they continued to wear all the rest of the Day.

The Remainder of the Regalia being delivered to their Majesties, they, crossing the Choir, were again received under their Canopies, by the Barons of the *Cinque Ports*, who attended without the Doors of the Choir for that Purpose. Thus the Ceremony proceeded down the Body of the Church, through the Great West Door, and returned to *Westminster Hall*, in the same Method in which it came, save that the Peers, who carry'd any of the Regalia which had been left behind in St. *Edward's* Chapel, the Scepter with the Cross and the Orb now in his Majesty's Hands, and the Scepter with the Cross and the Ivory Rod, now in her Majesty's Hands, went now in their Ranks, according to their several Degrees. The Three Princesses, the Peers and Peeresses, and the Kings of Arms, wore their respective Coronets; the Dukes of *Aquitain* and *Normandy* their Hats, or Caps of Estate; the Bishops their Caps; the Knights of the *Garter*, and those of the *Bath*, their Caps, with Plumes of Feathers; and the Judges their Caps.

Their Majesties placing themselves in their Chairs of Estate, at a Table at the upper End of the Hall, the Three Princesses sat at one End of it, upon the Left Hand of the Queen, and all the Nobility and other Persons of Quality being seated at Tables prepared for them, the first Course was served up to their Majesties Table, with the accustomed Ceremonies; and the Services requir'd from several Persons, according to the Tenures of their Estates and Offices, were performed; *viz.*

The Lord Great Chamberlain served the King with Water, before and after Dinner, who had carried likewise to the King his Shirt and Cloaths in the Morning; for which he was allowed Forty Yards of Velvet; and the rest of his Fees were compounded for 200 *l.*

The Lord of the Manor of *Heydon*, in *Essex*, held the Towel for the King, when he washed, before and after Dinner.

The

The Duke of *Norfolk*, as Earl of *Arundel*, and Lord of *Kenninghall* Manor, in *Norfolk*, performed, by Deputy, the Office of Chief Butler of *England*; and had for his Fee a Gold Cup and Ewer.

The Lord of the Manor of *Great Wimondley*, in *Hertfordſhire*, ſerved the King with the firſt Cup of Silver gilt, at Dinner, and had the Cup for his Fee.

The Lord of the Manor of *Bardolf*, in *Addington*, *Surrey*, brought to the Table, as of Right, a Meſs of Dillegrout [*a*].

BEFORE the ſecond Courſe was brought in, the King's Champion, who enjoys that Office as being Lord of the Manor of *Scrivelſby*, in *Lincolnſhire*, entered the Hall, compleatly armed, in one of his Majeſty's beſt Suits of white Armour, mounted on a goodly white Horſe, richly capariſon'd [*b*], in Manner following:

Two Trumpets, with the Champion's Arms on their Banners.

The Serjeant Trumpet, with his Mace on his Shoulder.

Two Serjeants at Arms, with their Maces on their Shoulders.

The Champion's Two Eſquires, richly habited, one on the Right Hand, with the Champion's Lance carry'd upright; the other on the Left Hand, with his Target, and the Champion's Arms depicted thereon.

The Herald of Arms, with a Paper in his Hand, containing the Words of the Challenge.

The Earl Marſhal, in his Robes and Coronet, on Horſeback, with the Earl Marſhal's Staff in his Hand.	The CHAMPION on Horſeback, with a Gauntlet in his Rt. Hand, his Helmet on his Head, adorn'd with a great Plume of Feathers, White, Blue, and Red.	The Lord High Conſtable in his Robes and Coronet, and Collar of the Order, on Horſeback, with the Conſtable's Staff.

Four Pages, richly apparelled, Attendants on the Champion.

The Paſſage to their Majeſties Table being cleared by the Knight Marſhal, the Herald at Arms, with a loud Voice, proclaimed the Champion's Challenge at the lower End of the Hall, in the Words following:

[*a*] *De trouver le jour du Coronnement noſtre tres redoubte Seigneur un homme de fare une meſſe qu'eſt appellée Dilgirunt, & ſi apponatur ſanguineum, dohques il eſt appellée Malpygerin en la Caiſin du Roy.* See *Speed's Hiſtory*, under *Richard* II.

[*b*] He is allowed the Horſe on which he rides (which anciently was the ſecond beſt in the King's Stables) the Saddle, Armour, and Furniture; beſides the Gold Cup and Cover.

IF any Perſon, of what Degree ſoever, high or low, ſhall deny or gainſay, Our Sovereign Lord King GEORGE II. *King of* Great Britain, France, *and* Ireland, *Defender of the Faith*, &c. *Son and next Heir to our Sovereign Lord King* GEORGE I. *the laſt King deceaſed, to be Right Heir to the Imperial Crown of this Realm of* Great Britain, *or that he ought not to enjoy the ſame; here is his Champion, who ſaith, that he lyeth, and is a falſe Traytor, being ready in Perſon to combat with him; and in this Quarrel will adventure his Life againſt him, on what Day ſoever he ſhall be appointed.*

And then the Champion threw down his Gauntlet, which having lain ſome ſhort Time, the Herald took it up, and re-deliver'd it to the Champion.

Then they advanced, in the ſame Order, to the Middle of the Hall, where the ſaid Herald made Proclamation as before. And laſtly, to the Foot of the Steps, when the ſaid Herald, and thoſe who preceded him, going to the Top of the Steps, made Proclamation a third Time. At the End whereof the Champion caſt down his Gauntlet, which, after ſome Time, being taken up, and re-delivered to him by the Herald, he made a low Obeiſance to his Majeſty: Whereupon the Cup-bearer, aſſiſted as before, brought to the King a gilt Bowl of Wine with a Cover, his Majeſty drank to the Champion, and ſent him the ſaid Bowl by the Cup-bearer, accompanyed with his Aſſiſtants; which the Champion (having put on his Gauntlet) received, and, retiring a little, drank thereof, and made his humble Reverence to his Majeſty; and, being accompanyed as before, departed out of the Hall, taking the ſaid Bowl and Cover with him as his Fee.

Immediately after which, the Officers of Arms deſcending from their Gallery, *Garter*, and the Two *Provincial* Kings of Arms, with their Coronets on their Heads, followed by the Heralds and Purſuivants, came and ſtood at the lower End of the Hall, and making their Obeiſance to his Majeſty, proceeded to the Middle of the Hall, where they made a ſecond Obeiſance; and being come to the Foot of the Steps, and there making a third Obeiſance, aſcended the Steps; and at the Top thereof *Garter* cried *Largeſs* thrice, and (having received his Majeſty's *Largeſs*) proclaimed the King's Stile in *Latin*, as follows:

Sereniſſimi, Potentiſſimi, & Excellentiſſimi Monarchæ GEORGII II. *Dei Gratia*, Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, & Hiberniæ *Regis, Fidei Defenſoris.*

Upon which, all the Officers of Arms making their Obeiſances, *Garter* the ſecond Time proclaimed his Majeſty's Stile, in *French*, as followeth:

Du Tres Haut, Tres Puiſſant, & Tres Excellent Monarque GEORGE II. *par la Grace du Dieu, Roy de la* Grande Bretagne, France, & Irlande, *Defenſeur de la Foy.*

The Officers of Arms making another Reverence, *Garter* the third Time proclaimed the King's Stile, in *Engliſh*, as followeth:

Of the Moſt High, Moſt Mighty, and Moſt Excellent Monarch GEORGE II. *by the Grace of God, King of* Great-Britain, France, *and* Ireland, *Defender of the Faith.*

After which, they all made their Obeiſance, and deſcending, went backwards to the Middle of the Hall, ſtill keeping their Faces towards the King, and there crying *Largeſs* thrice, proclaimed the King's Stile in *Latin*, *French*, and *Engliſh*, as before.

And laſtly, coming to the lower End of the Hall in the ſame Order, they again cried *Largeſs*, and proclaimed his Majeſty's Stile in like Manner; and then, repairing to their Tables, ſate down to Dinner.

This done, the ſecond Courſe was carried up to their Majeſties Table, by the Gentlemen whoſe Office it properly is, with the ſame Solemnities as the former.

Then the Lord of the Manor of *Nether Bilſington*, in *Kent*, preſented unto his Majeſty Three Maple Cups, by reaſon of the Tenure of the ſaid Manor.

After this, his Majeſty's Cup-bearer conducted the Mayor of *Oxford* as Aſſiſtant (with other of the Burgeſſes of the ſaid City) to the Lord-Mayor and Citizens of *London*, in the Office of the Butlerſhip, who preſented to the King, on his Knee, a Bowl of Wine, in a gilt Cup covered; and his Majeſty beſtowed on him (the ſaid Mayor of *Oxford*) the Three Maple Cups, which he had received as above; and moreover, *ex Gratia Regis*, the gilt Bowl and Cover, which he had juſt preſented to the King.

Then (inſtead of the Lord of the Manor of *Lyſton* [*a*], in *Eſſex*) were brought up by the King's Officers a Charger of Wafers to their Majeſties Table; after which, the Lord-Mayor of *London* (who, together with Twelve of the principal Citizens, ſelected by the Lord-Mayor and Aldermen, out of the firſt Twelve Companies of the ſaid City, aſſiſt the Chief Butler of *England* that Day) being accompanied with the Cup-bearer and his Aſſiſtants, came from the Cupboard, and, on his Knee, preſented unto his Majeſty, at the End of Dinner, (at the Time their Majeſties were eating their Wafers) a Bowl of Wine in a Gold Cup; and his Majeſty, having drank thereof, returned the ſaid Bowl to the Lord-Mayor, as his Fee. Which Service being performed, the ſaid Twelve Citizens

[*a*] The Fees claimed by the Lord of this Manor were compounded for Thirty Pounds; the King's Officers doing the whole Duty.

repaired

repaired to Dinner; Room being left for them at the lower End of the Second Table, on the East-Side of the Hall, next below the Aldermen.

The Lord of the Manor of *Scoulton*, alias *Bourdelies*, *Norfolk*, was, by Virtue of his Claim, Chief Larderer and Caterer; and had, for his Fee, the Provisions remaining after Dinner in the Larder.

His Majesty was pleased to confer the Honour of Knighthood on Col. *Multon Lambard*, and *George Walters*, Esqrs. who represented the Dukes of *Aquitain* and *Normandy*; as also upon *William Wynne*, Esq. Standard-Bearer of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and *John Taylor*, Esq. one of the Gentlemen of that Band.

Their Majesties, having dined, rose from the Table, and Water being brought with the same Ceremony as before Dinner, their Majesties washed; and Grace being said by the Clerk of his Majesty's Closet, they received again their Regalia, which had been held near them all Dinner-time: And thus, with the Crowns on their Heads, and the Orb and Scepters in their Hands, attended, and their Train borne, as before, and the Four Swords and Scepter with the Dove being carried before his Majesty, they withdrew about Eight into the Court of Wards, where the Crown, Orb, and Scepters, being delivered to the Dean of *Westminster* and Master of the Jewel House, their Majesties departed in the same Manner as they came thither.

After which, the Nobility, and all others who dined in *Westminster Hall*, departed severally to their respective Abodes and Habitations. And the Day concluded with Bonfires, Illuminations, Ringing of Bells, and all other Demonstrations of general Joy.

But let us return for a Moment to the Scene we have just now left; and contemplate another View of it under the wise Instructions of Mr. Dart, in his beautiful Poem on *Westminster Abbey*:

" To mount their Throne, here Monarchs bend their Way
" O'er Pavements, where their Predecessors lay:
" Ye *Sons* of *Empire*, who, in pompous Hour,
" Attend, to wear the cumbrous Robe of Pow'r,
" When ye proceed along the shouting Way,
" Think, there's a second Visit still to pay.
" And when, in State, on buried Kings you tread,
" And swelling Robes sweep o'er th' Imperial Dead;
" While, like a God, your worship'd Eyes move round;
" Think, then; O think! you walk on treach'rous Ground.
" Though *firm* the chequer'd Pavement seems to be,
" 'Twill, surely, *open*, and give Way for *Thee!*

" While crouding Lords addreſs their Duties near;
" Th' anointing *Prelate*, and the kneeling *Peer*:
" While, with obſequious Diligence they bow,
" And ſpread the *careful Honours* o'er thy Brow:
" While the high-rais'd Spectators ſhout around,
" And the long Iſles, and vaulted Roofs, reſound:
" *Then*, *ſnatch* a ſudden Thought, and turn thy Head,
" From the loud *Living*, to the ſilent *Dead*.
" With conſcious Eye, the neighb'ring Tombs ſurvey;
" *Theſe* will inſtruct thee, better far than *They*!
" What, *now*, *thou art*, in yon gay Homage ſee:
" But *Theſe* beſt ſhew, *what thou art ſure to be*!

A CATALOGUE *of the* CORONATION MEDALS *of the Kings and Queens of* England.

THE firſt *Medal*, coined in *England*, diſtinct from *Money*, was, I think, that of HENRY VIII. on his taking the Title of *Head of the Church under Chriſt Supreme*, *Londini*, 1545; which is expreſſed in *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*. See it in *Evelyn*, p. 88.

This was perpetuated, in like Manner, under EDWARD VI.; but Hiſtory does not inform us whether it was diſperſed at his Coronation, which is recorded in it: CORONATVS. EST. MDXLVI. XX. FEBRVAR. Engraved by the *Antiq. Soc.* vol. I. n. 20.

Mr. *Evelyn* ſaies, p. 91. at the Coronation of Queen MARY, Ryals of broad Gold were diſtributed, repreſenting the Queen, in her Regalia, inthroned: MARIA. D. G. M. FRA. Z. HIE. REGINA. MDLIII. Rev. A. DNO. FACTV. EST. ISTVD. Z. EST. MIRA. IN. OCUL. NRIS. *This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.* Pſ. cxviii. 23.

But we have no Inauguration Medal of her Succeſſor, Queen ELIZABETH; which is the more remarkable, as ſeveral were ſtruck afterwards under her Reign.

JAMES I. with his Imperial Robes, Throne, and Titles: IAC. I. BRIT. CÆ. AVG. HÆ. CÆSARVM. CÆ. D.D. i. e. *Jacobus* I. *Britanniæ Cæſar Auguſtus, Hæres Cæſarum Cæſar, dono dedit.* "Cæſar "Cæſarum, *choſe abſurde & inouïe*," ſaies *Scaliger*, (in his *Scaligerana*, voc. *Jaques*) who was himſelf the Son of a *Cæſar*, and, from a

Spirit of Jealouſy, as well as Criticiſm, might be juſtly offended at ſuch an Abuſe of the Word. Rev. A Lion Rampant, crowned, holding a Beacon on Fire in his Right Paw, a Wheat-Sheaf in his Left: ECCE. PHAROS. POPVLIQVE. SALVS. *The Beacon and the Safety of his People.* See it in *Evelyn*, p. 101.

CHARLES I. His Buſt and Titles. Rev. An Arm, coming out of a Cloud, armed, and holding a Sword: DONEC. PAX. REDDITA. TERRIS. *Till Peace be reſtored on Earth.* Exergue: CORON. 2. FEBR. 1626. *Evelyn*, p. 195.

In his *Scotch* Coronation Medal, the Garter and the Thiſtle: HINC. NOSTRÆ. CREVERE. ROSÆ. *Hence our Roſes ſprang.* Alluding to the Union of the White and Red Roſes, by the Marriage of MARGARET, D. of HENRY VII. with JAMES IV. of *Scotland*. *Evelyn*, p. 108.

CHARLES II. His Buſt and Titles. Rev. The King ſitting in his Robes, with his Scepter in his Hand: An Angel crowning him with his Right Hand, and holding in his Left a Branch of Laurel: EVERSO. MISSVS. SVCCVRRERE. SECLO. XXIII. APR. 1661. *Sent to ſave a ſinking State.* Virg. Georg. I. 500. *Evelyn*, p. 129.

Another, Rev. The King ſtanding, in a *Roman* Sagum, in the Middle of his Flock of Sheep, with a Paſtoral Crouch in his Hand: DIXI. CVSTODIAM. XXIV. APR. 1661. From *Pſal.* xxxi. 1. *Evelyn*, ibid.

JAMES II. His Buſt and Titles. Rev. A Branch of Laurel on a Cuſhion, with an armed Hand, out of the Clouds, holding a Crown over it: A. MILITARI. AD. REGIAM. *From a Military Crown to an Imperial one*; or, *From the Camp to the Throne*. He ſerved under Marſhal *De Turenne*, in *France*; and was Lord High Admiral of *England*. Exergue: INAVGVRAT. XXIII. APR. 1685. *Evelyn*, p. 148.

His Queen's Head alone: MARIA. D. G. ANG. SCO. FR. ET. HIB. REGINA. Rev. A Lady ſitting on a Bank. O. DEA. CERTE. *O Deity confeſt.* The Words of *Æneas*, at the Sight of *Venus*, his Mother, *Virg.* Æn. I. 332. This is ſaid, in Dr. *Mead's* Catalogue, to be the Queen's *Coronation Medal*; I know not for what Reaſon. Mr. *Evelyn* thinks it the laſt ſtruck under that King, p. 152.

WILLIAM III. and Queen MARY. Their Buſts and Titles. Rev. *Phaeton* whirled by a Thunderbolt from the Chariot of the Sun: NE. TOTVS. ABSVMATVR. *That the whole may not be conſumed.* Exergue: INAVGVRAT. II. APR. 1689. *Tindal.*

Another, Rev. *England*, embracing in her Left Arm a Cornucopia, and in her Left Hand holding a Pike, on which is the Cap

of

of Liberty. In her Right, a Croſs and Balance, repreſenting Liberty reſtored to Religion. AVREA. FLORIGERIS. SVCCRESCVNT. POMA. ROSETIS. *Such golden Fruit 'midſt fragrant Roſes grows.* Alluding to the *Orange* Family, united with the White and Red Roſes of *England*. Exergue: SECVRITAS. BRITANNIAE. RESTITVTA. 1689. *Security reſtored to Britain*, 1689. *Tindal.*

Another, (ſtruck in Gold only, and given to the Perſonages who aſſiſted at the Coronation,) Buſts of the King and Queen, on the Side of each other. Rev. The King and Queen ſitting on a Throne, with Scepters in their Hands; and Two *Engliſh* Biſhops ſupporting a Regal Crown over their Heads: IDOLOLATRIA. SERVITVTEQVE. PROFLIGATIS. RELIGIONE. LEGIB. LIBERTAT. RESTITVTIS. 1689. *Idolatry and Slavery put to Flight: Religion, Laws and Liberty reſtored*, 1689. *Tindal.*

Many more Coronation Medals of this Royal Pair may be ſeen in *Mr. Tindal's Medallick Hiſtory*; but, I apprehend, ſeveral of them not coined by Public Authority.

Queen ANNE. The Queen, in the Habit of *Pallas*, darting a Thunderbolt at a Two-headed Monſter: VICEM. GERIT. ILLA. TONANTIS. *She is Vice-gerent of the Thunderer.* Exergue: INAVGVRAT. XXIII. APR. MDCCII.

Another, A Heart crowned in the Middle of a Garland; round which, ENTIRELY ENGLISH. In the Rim, ATAVIS. REGIBVS. *From a Race of Kings.* Hor. Lib. I. Od. I. Exergue: INAVGVRAT. XXIII. APR. MDCII. *Tindal.*

GEORGE I. The King ſitting on his Throne, while *Great Britain* places the Crown on his Head. No Legend. Exergue: INAVGVRAT. XX. OCT. MDCCXIIII. *Tindal.*

GEORGE II. The King ſitting, crowned, in St. *Edward's* Chair: VOLENTES. PER. POPVLOS. *Gives a willing People Laws.* Virg. Georg. iv. 561. Exergue: CORON. XI. OCTOB. MDCCXXVII. See Frontiſpiece, and Epigr. LV.

Queen CAROLINE. The Queen ſtanding between Two emblematical Figures: HIC. AMOR. HAEC. PATRIA. *This Love, that my Country.* The former diſtinguiſhed by the Bible in her Hand, and the Veil on her Head; the latter by the Shield and Spear. Exergue: CORON. XI. OCTOB. MDCCXXVII. See Frontiſpiece, and Epigr. LVII.

FINIS.